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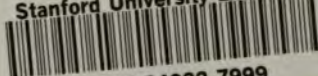
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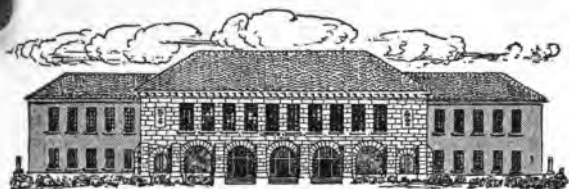
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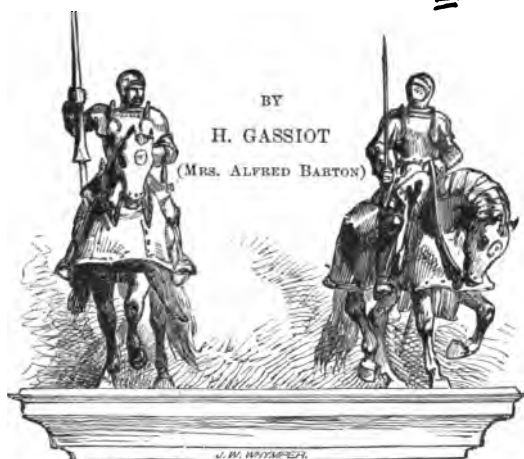
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OTHERS TO FOLLOW.

STORIES FROM WAVERLEY

FOR CHILDREN

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT



EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

NEW YORK: MACMILLAN AND CO.

1893

in

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TO **C**

THOMAS,

DORA,

FRANCES,

ANNA,

PHILIP,

THESE "STORIES FROM WAVERLEY" ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN offering a Fourth Edition of these Stories, it may perhaps be worth recording, that the five people for whom they were originally written, and who now read and enjoy the Waverley Novels, assert that their pleasure and interest are in no way lessened by acquaintance in childhood with the leading events of the story.

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Joy to the fair ! Thy knight behold,
Returned from yonder land of gold.
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed,
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low.

Crusader's Return.



IVANHOE.



LONG time ago, in the reign of King Richard the First, Cedric the Saxon lived at Rotherwood. Cedric had no love for the King—for Richard was a Norman, and the Normans had driven the Saxon Kings from the throne of England. All Cedric's servants were Saxon. The Saxon language only was spoken at Rotherwood ; and Cedric's only son, Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe, was in disgrace with his father for having followed King Richard, the Norman, to fight the Saracens in the Holy Land.

Wilfred was in disgrace, also, for another reason. There was a beautiful Saxon lady, named Rowena, living at Rotherwood—an orphan, under Cedric's care—and Wilfred wished her to be his wife. Cedric, however, intended she should marry Athelstane of Coningsburgh,

a Saxon noble, whom Cedric considered the rightful King of England ; and he wished Rowena to be Queen. But Rowena and Wilfred knew quite well that the Saxons would never again rule in England ; nor had Rowena any wish to be a Queen. She did not like Athelstane, who was a great fat man—very stupid—and so fond of eating and drinking, he seemed to care for nothing else. But the Knight of Ivanhoe (as Wilfred was called) was a brave, handsome soldier, who cared for Rowena more than for anything in the world ; and, in fact, Rowena was determined to marry him, and nobody else.

Among the servants at Rotherwood were two who were great friends and constantly together. Their names were Gurth and Wamba. Wamba, the Jester, was an odd little man, not quite in his right mind. He was always playing tricks, or making grimaces, or saying absurd things ; sometimes to tease people, sometimes to make them laugh. Gurth, the swineherd, was an honest, kind-hearted man, but very dull and grave, and was scarcely ever known to laugh, though Wamba tried hard every day to make him do so. Gurth was very fond of his young master, the Knight of Ivanhoe ; and as they had

now been for a long time without news from the Holy Land, the faithful servant began to fear Sir Wilfred had been slain in the wars.

One evening Gurth and Wamba, and Gurth's dog Fangs, were in the field, driving the swine home. Wamba was dressed as usual in a coat of bright-coloured stripes, and a cap hung with many little bells, which rang and jingled merrily as Wamba wagged his silly head, and laughed at steady old Gurth, who was busy looking after his pigs. Suddenly they saw a party of gentlemen riding through the forest.

"Whom have we here?" said the Jester, as the trampling of horses came nearer. "Never mind whom," said Gurth, who had now got his pigs together, with the help of Fangs, and was driving them quietly home. "Nay, but I *must* see the riders," said Wamba. "Perhaps they come from Fairyland with a message from King Oberon!"

Gurth looked angry, and scolded Wamba for talking such nonsense. It was getting dark too, and rain was falling, so Wamba was obliged to do as he was told, and hurry homewards with Gurth and the swine. However, the horsemen very soon overtook them, and asked the road to Rotherwood, as they had lost

their way in the forest, and hoped Cedric the Saxon would give them some supper and a night's lodging.

Wamba, whose tongue was always ready, immediately told them the *wrong* way; and when they had passed out of sight he began to laugh and roll on the grass, kicking up his heels with delight at having sent the travellers out of their way. Gurth did not scold him for this piece of mischief, and why?—Because the horsemen were Normans; and the swineherd hated all Normans, following the example of his master, Cedric. So Gurth and Wamba, much pleased, went straight home, fancying they should hear no more of the strangers.

The riders, however, had not gone far, when they spied a man lying on the grass. Not feeling quite sure of the road pointed out by the Jester, they again inquired the way to Rotherwood. The man said that if they would lend him a horse he would take them straight to the house of Cedric. This they willingly agreed to do, and the man, going by a very different path from that recommended by Wamba, soon brought the whole party to the gates of Rotherwood.

Supper had just been ordered, and Cedric gave the travellers a hearty welcome (Normans

though they were): for it was the custom in those days for strangers to stop at any gentleman's house and ask for refreshment, whether they knew the master of the house or not.

So the table of Cedric the Saxon was that evening surrounded by Norman guests. One of these was a knight—Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He had just returned from the Holy Land, and all the people at table were anxious to hear news of the war, and whether the valiant King of England, and his Red-cross Knights, were likely to succeed in their efforts to free Jerusalem from the hands of the Saracens. Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert told them many wonderful tales of the Crusaders, and at last spoke of Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. He told how he and Ivanhoe had fought at a tournament held by King Richard, in celebration of a victory gained over the Saracens, and confessed that Ivanhoe had *there* been conqueror; but added, that Sir Wilfred's victory had been accidental; and that if they could fight again, at the tournament which was to be held at Ashby-de-la-Zouche in a few days, people would then see that he, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight of the Temple, would easily conquer the Knight of Ivanhoe.

When Sir Brian said this, the man who had

guided them to Rotherwood, and who sat at the further end of the table, dressed in a Pilgrim's gown, called out in a clear, distinct voice, that the noble knight had made a mistake; and that if Wilfred of Ivanhoe could possibly appear at the English tournament, Sir Brian would be beaten there, as he had been in the Holy Land.

Bois-Guilbert, with a haughty look, and great anger in his voice, asked what the stranger could possibly know about the matter. The Pilgrim answered, he had also lately returned from Palestine, and had seen much of the Crusaders, and that he had been present at the fight between Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert and the Knight of Ivanhoe, and had seen the Norman knight fairly conquered by the Saxon.

The Pilgrim's voice grew firm and strong as he went on. "I say," repeated he, turning to Bois-Guilbert, "if Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, *I* will be his surety that he meets you."

"And I," said the gentle voice of the Lady Rowena, who sat next to Cedric at the head of the table; "I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

The Pilgrim spoke no more, but drew his

hood over his face, nor would he answer the questions of the people near him, who eagerly asked his name, wondering who he could possibly be. They little thought that the stranger was, in reality, Sir Wilfred himself, who had come back to England, and to his father's house, unknown to all. And now that Ivanhoe heard Bois-Guilbert boasting of his superior bravery, he made up his mind to meet the proud knight at the coming tournament, and fight him again.

Rowena sent for the Pilgrim after supper, and asked him many questions about the Crusade, hoping to hear more news of her absent and beloved Wilfred ; but she was disappointed, for the stranger only looked sorrowfully at her from under the dark hood which nearly hid his face, and said he had no more to tell ; and Rowena was obliged at last to let him go, without finding out his name.

The next morning, very early, and before any one was up except Gurth, the disguised Ivanhoe left his father's house, in company with an old Jew named Isaac of York, who had supped at Cedric's table the night before. Isaac was a tall, thin old man, with a long nose, sharp black eyes, and a long grey beard.


He wore a long loose gown, and a square yellow cap. Jews in those days were often very rich, and it was the custom to treat them very cruelly, and to rob them of their money ; and the kind-hearted Ivanhoe had advised poor old Isaac to come with him that morning, as it was likely the Norman knight, Bois-Guilbert, would do him some harm ; for Ivanhoe knew Sir Brian well, as a man cruel to Jews, and to every one from whom he hoped to gain anything for himself.

Isaac was so grateful to the Knight of Ivanhoe, that he offered to reward him by giving him, or lending him (for the old Jew was not very fond of giving) anything the kind Saxon gentleman might want. Sir Wilfred then told Isaac he was a soldier, and wanted a good horse and a suit of armour for the tournament ; and Isaac, who was very rich, promised both horse and armour, on any day Ivanhoe chose to ask for them. After riding together till they were a long way from Rotherwood, the Knight and the Jew bade each other farewell, and each went his own way.

When the day of the tournament came, crowds of people, Saxon and Norman, came to Ashby, eager to get places for the sight. Tour-

naments are quite out of fashion now ; but at the time of our story a tournament was the favourite amusement of brave knights and noble barons, who came mounted on splendid horses, arrayed in bright armour, to try who could fight the best. First, there was a clear space of ground like a very large field, well fenced round to keep the crowd off. This space for fighting was called "The Lists." Then there were rows of seats round the lists, one row above another, so that all could sit close and see well, without pushing. When the seats were all full, and everything ready, trumpets were blown, and the knights on horseback rushed at each other with levelled lances, each man trying to thrust the other from his saddle ; and so they fought, until he whose seat on horseback was firmest, and whose thrust with the lance was strongest, gained the victory.

Now this day Prince John, who took care of the country while his brother, King Richard, was away, gave commands how everything should be arranged. The Prince, mounted on a beautiful white horse, was splendidly dressed in crimson and gold, having on his head a rich fur cap, ornamented by a circle of shining



jewels. His long curling hair spread over his shoulders ; and his gallant charger pranced round the lists, as he felt the touch of his rider's golden spurs. All the people shouted a welcome to Prince John, who answered them with courteous bows and many smiles, lifting his cap from time to time, saluting the fair ladies, and talking merrily to the nobles who followed in his train.

The Prince caught sight of old Isaac of York, who, with his beautiful daughter Rebecca, was trying to get a place ; but the people sat close, and would not let the poor Jew pass. Prince John looked round, and told Isaac there was plenty of room higher up, where Cedric the Saxon and his friends were sitting. Cedric was in a great rage at the idea of a despised Jew taking his place among Saxon nobles, and frowned darkly at the Prince, though he spoke not. Wamba, however, who was always ready to serve his master and plague everybody else, jumped up, and pushed a great piece of bacon into Isaac's face. Now Jews hate pork or bacon ; and poor old Isaac was so startled, he tumbled backwards, and rolled on the ground. The Saxons, and even Prince John himself, laughed rudely at his fall ; but Rebecca, who

was wise and good, as well as beautiful, persuaded her father to take no notice of their unkindness, and they soon found a place elsewhere.

All was now ready. The Prince took his place, and his attendant nobles ranged themselves around him. A loud flourish of trumpets sounded, and five knights, in complete armour, rode into the lists. Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert was one of the best; and Reginald Front de Bœuf, another Norman, attracted notice by his enormous size and wonderful strength. He was no stranger there; every one knew Front de Bœuf as a brave soldier, but also as a fierce, cruel man, hated and feared by Saxons and Normans alike.

As Cedric the Saxon watched the fighting, he was very angry to notice that Bois-Guilbert and other Norman knights were gaining all the glory of the day; and he tried to persuade Athelstane of Coningsburgh to put on his armour, and enter the lists. But Athelstane, comfortably seated, and lazy as usual, said he meant to fight the next day. Wamba had the impertinence to laugh at this, and said he quite approved of the noble Athelstane's prudence: but Cedric turned angrily away, noticing, with

increased vexation, that Bois-Guilbert had overthrown two knights with a single spear, the people shouting at his bravery and skill, and declaring him the best knight of the tournament.

At last a knight rode into the lists whom nobody knew. He wore his vizor down, that is, the front part of his helmet, which covered his face with bars, like an iron mask. He would not give his name, but called himself "The Disinherited Knight." His suit of armour was shining steel, richly inlaid with gold; and his gallant black horse paced along, arching his glossy neck, and tossing his head as if proud of his noble rider.

The unknown Knight rode straight up to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and giving the Norman's shield a great bang with his lance, challenged him to fight.

Bois-Guilbert, astonished at the boldness of the stranger, mounted his horse, and thinking to gain an easy victory, rode at him with levelled lance. The Disinherited Knight rushed to meet him at full gallop, aiming a fierce blow at the helmet of Bois-Guilbert, and struck him from his horse. The people shouted and clapped their hands at the unexpected victory of the unknown knight; and Bois-Guilbert,

half-mad with rage, went back to his tent, and showed himself no more that day.

Then the giant, Front de Bœuf, rode out against the stranger; but even his immense strength could not shake the Disinherited Knight from the saddle; and three more, one after the other, fought with him, and were all beaten.

So when his victories were all declared, the unknown knight rode forward to the throne of Prince John, amid the shouts of the people, and received from the hands of the Prince the appointed prize of victory—a splendid war-horse, saddled and bridled. The Knight bowed low to the Prince, then sprang on the horse's back, and made him rear and prance, and canter round the lists, till the people hardly knew which to admire most—the strength and beauty of the steed, or the grace and cleverness of the rider.

Prince John then said the Knight must look round, and choose some fair lady to be elected Queen of Beauty; and gave him a crown of bright green silk in a circle of golden strawberry leaves to place on the chosen lady's head. The Knight took up the crown on the point of his lance, and riding up to the place where the

Lady Rowena sat, laid the crown at her feet. The trumpets instantly sounded, and all present shouted, "Long live the lady Rowena!—Long live the Saxon Princess!—the chosen Queen of Love and Beauty!" And Prince John, spurring his horse to a gallop, and followed by his train of attendants, bowed before Rowena, and acknowledged her sovereign of the tournament. There were some angry looks and words amongst the Norman nobles, that a Saxon lady should be chosen Queen of Beauty, and chosen, too, by a Knight who had conquered one Norman after another in the lists: but anger was useless now, as they were obliged by the rules of the tournament to welcome with courtesy both the victorious champion and the Queen.

The day was now ended, and all went home; the people delighted with all they had seen; the knights and nobles to rest and prepare themselves for the next day—the grand day—when the fighting would be much more difficult and dangerous.

Brightly shone the sun the next morning on the gay dresses of the ladies and the armour of the knights, and brightly sparkled the crown of golden strawberry leaves on the fair head of

the Saxon Queen of Beauty, as she took her seat on the throne prepared for her. Terrible was the sight that day, and desperate the fighting. Instead of only two trying their strength against each other, the knights formed themselves in two parties, and all rode out at the same time. When therefore the Prince gave the sign to begin, there was at once a crowd of men and horses rushing at each other, meeting in the middle of the lists with a crash of blows, the sound of which could be heard at a mile's distance. The dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds hid the knights entirely for a few moments ; and when that had cleared away, half the horsemen were seen rolling on the ground. Many were frightfully wounded, and some were even killed. The Disinherited Knight was seen amid the crowd, fighting wonderfully, mounted on the brave horse he had won the day before ; and beating off the Normans, who tried in vain to thrust him from the saddle. They were so enraged that a stranger without a name should come and snatch their glory from them, that at last three set upon him at once. These were, Front de Bœuf, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Brave and skilful as he was, three to one was too much for the Disinherited Knight ; and he would have been overpowered, had not one of his own party rushed forward to help him. This was a very tall knight in black armour, who, up to this time, had done so little, that the people called him "The Black Sluggard." The Sluggard, however, showed he *could* fight, for, raising his sword high above his head, he brought down such a blow on the helmet of Front de Bœuf that struck him to the ground—horse and man alike overthrown. Then the Black Knight, turning swiftly on Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and snatching the Saxon's own battle-axe from his hands, bestowed such a stroke on his crest that Athelstane rolled off his horse like a log of wood, and lay senseless on the ground. Having done this, the Black Knight left Bois-Guilbert and the Disinherited Knight to fight as they pleased ; and in a few minutes Bois-Guilbert was again defeated, and fell from his tired and wounded horse. Once more the shouts of the people proclaimed the victory of the unknown knight, and it was the duty of Prince John to name the champion who had done best. Of course all expected he would at once award the prize

to the Disinherited Knight ; but the Prince declared his opinion that the honour of the day belonged to the Black Knight, without whose help "Sir Disinherited" would have been overcome. However, when a call was made for the "Black Sluggard," he was nowhere to be found—he had ridden off directly the fight was done ; so then Prince John was obliged to give the prize to the Disinherited Knight, and the valiant stranger was again led up to the Prince's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said the Prince, "a second time we award you the honours of the tournament, and announce your right to receive from the hands of the Queen of Beauty the Chaplet of Honour your bravery has justly deserved."

The Knight bowed low, but made no answer, and was then led to the place where Rowena sat. She rose, and commanded that the knight's helmet should be removed, so that the chaplet or wreath of flowers should be placed upon his head. Two or three attendants started eagerly forward to unfasten the helmet, and the people crowded round to see the face of a knight who had fought so valiantly and well. And when the helmet at last

was lifted from his head, a handsome sunburnt Saxon face was seen,—well known to Rowena and Cedric and Athelstane, and to half the people present.

The Disinherited Knight was Wilfred of Ivanhoe!

Ivanhoe's face was very pale, and marked with streaks of blood. He looked into Rowena's face, but could not speak, and his head drooped on his shoulder. In the fight he had received a deep and dangerous wound, which was bleeding fast, and the brave young warrior was carried from the field of Ashby as if he were dead.

After this there was no more fighting, but a target was set up and archers shot for prizes. One man, dressed in Lincoln green, shot so well he carried off prize after prize. He called himself Locksley, but none of the other archers seemed to know him; and Prince John, who was watching the sports, frowned to see again a *stranger* come amongst the well-known archers and gain all the credit.

Locksley quite laughed at the broad target set up, saying "any one could hit that," and he offered to give them a North-country mark. He took a willow-bough, and peeling it to make it

look white, stuck it in a hedge, and asked Hubert, one of the best archers, to shoot at that. Hubert shook his head, and said he could hit any *reasonable* mark, but that one was absurd, and he was sure *no one* could hit it. Then Locksley smiled and bent his bow. Whizz went the arrow, and split the willow wand in half! The people clapped their hands, cheering heartily, and Prince John gave the clever archer the prize—a silver bugle-horn and twenty pieces of gold. Locksley took the horn, but gave the money to Hubert, kindly saying he was sure Hubert could have hit the willow wand if he had tried. Hubert was much pleased at the kindness and politeness of Locksley, but knew quite well his archery was not so good as the stranger's.

Prince John then asked Locksley to become his servant, promising to pay him well. "Pardon me, noble Prince," said the archer; "I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother, King Richard."

This answer displeased Prince John, who was a bad man, and hated his brother the King, and hoped he would never come back to England. This day the Prince was more than usually sullen and ill-humoured, having received a

letter from his friend Philip, King of France, telling him Richard was on his way to England.

The shooting was now over, and Locksley went into the crowd, and the Prince saw him no more.

Now you shall hear what became of the great Black Knight who had fought for Ivanhoe at the tournament. He rode away from the lists of Ashby as quietly as he could, and made a long journey through the woods. As he travelled on, he lost himself in a large forest. It was getting dark—there was no path to be seen, and the brave strong horse began to droop his head as if wearied with his long day's work; the Knight was also very tired and hungry, and wondered where he should find shelter for the night. He at last dropped the reins on his horse's neck, leaving him to choose his own way. The good steed, understanding at once what his master meant, raised his head, pricked up his ears, and walked on twice as quickly as before. The Knight let him go on exactly as he pleased, and before very long the clever horse found a beaten path which led straight up to a small hut. The Knight leaped from his horse, and rapped loudly at the door. A voice inside bade him go on his way, and not disturb people at

that time of night. The Knight, however, insisted on the door being opened, and struck it sharply with the handle of his great sword. The person inside not taking any notice of this, the Knight gave the door one or two hearty kicks with his iron-shod feet, which nearly broke it in. The voice now called out, "Patience, patience, good traveller — spare thy strength, and I will presently undo the door." The door was accordingly opened, and a large stout man, with a round fat rosy face, black eyes, black hair, and a black curling beard, stood before the Knight. He wore a friar's gown and hood, and a rope was tied loosely round his immense waist. Two large shaggy hounds stood beside him, baying and growling at the stranger; but the Hermit, perceiving the lofty plume and golden spurs of the Knight, quieted the dogs, and offered shelter to the traveller, whom he guessed to be a person of consequence.

The Black Knight entered, leading in his horse, which stood quietly in a corner of the hut, looking pitifully at his master, as if asking for something to eat.

"Reverend hermit," said the Knight, "I would ask three things: first, where am I to put my horse? secondly, what I can have for

supper? thirdly, where I am to sleep this night?"

The Hermit, looking very grave, pointed with his finger to a corner of the hut: "Your stable," said he, "is there." Pointing to another corner, "Your bed is there;" and reaching down a platter from a shelf with two handfuls of dry peas, "Your supper," said he, "is here."

The Knight shrugged his shoulders at all these uncomfortable arrangements, but took as much care of his horse as he could. He spread his own cloak over his favourite's back, and seemed so anxious about his comfort that the Hermit took pity on him and rummaged somewhere at the back of the hut till he brought out a quantity of hay and straw, which provided a supper and warm bed for the good steed. Then the two men sat down to supper, and the Hermit, handing his visitor some of the hard dry peas, and putting a jug of cold water on the table, said with a solemn face, that better fare could not be expected from a poor hermit living by himself in a dull forest. The Black Knight stared at his new friend, thinking it very strange that such strong stout limbs, and fat rosy face, should be fed on dry peas and cold

water, and wondered much who he could be. He little knew that this was the famous Friar Tuck, who was fonder of scampering about the forest with Robin Hood's men, and hunting the deer, than living quietly in his hut eating dry peas.

Well—the Knight cracked the peas between his teeth, and thought them very nasty. At last he fixed his merry blue eyes on the Hermit, and laughed, saying he was quite sure that, somewhere in the hut, the Hermit could find him a better supper than those horrid peas. The Hermit then laughed too, and said he would try ; and going to a small cupboard, cleverly hidden at the back of the hut, brought out a large venison pasty and some bottles of wine, and they both began to enjoy the good things together. The Black Knight, filling a large cup of wine, nodded to the Hermit and drank his health. Friar Tuck nodded and waved his hand, threw himself back in his chair, and swallowed a large draught to the Knight's health. Then he brought a harp from his cupboard, and the Knight took it and thrummed away, singing a most delightful song called "The Crusader's Return." The Hermit clapped his hands, saying it was a capital song,

and scarcely waited for the Knight to finish before he struck up a roaring song of his own, called "The Barefooted Friar," for which the Knight paid him many compliments. They then drank more wine and sang more songs, and went on talking and laughing and making a frightful noise, when suddenly there came a loud rat-at-a-tat at the door, which frightened them out of their wits. Friar Tuck jumped up, and began to collect the plates and cups in a hurry, and to poke them away in the cupboard, bidding the Knight get his iron pot on his head (meaning his helmet), and to strike up some dull, solemn tune upon the harp. The Knight obeyed as well as he could for laughing, and the Hermit then screamed to the people outside to go away directly, and not disturb "quiet people" at that late hour of the night.

But a well-known voice answered, "Open, mad priest; open to Locksley!" So the door was opened, and three men were seen—Locksley in his suit of Lincoln green, and Gurth and Wamba, servants of Cedric the Saxon.

They came with very bad news. Cedric, Athelstane, and the Lady Rowena, had been attacked by a party of Normans, headed by Sir Maurice de Bracy, a Norman knight, and car-

ried away prisoners to Torquilstone, the castle of the Baron Front de Bœuf. Also there had been much wrong done by Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He had seized on the Jew, Isaac of York, and his daughter Rebecca ; and with the permission and help of the wicked Front de Bœuf, had imprisoned them in the strong Castle of Torquilstone. The valiant Knight of Ivanhoe had also been taken prisoner by Bois-Guilbert, being too weak, from his dangerous wound, to defend himself from his old enemy. So the whole family of Rotherwood were now prisoners in the Castle of Front de Bœuf ; and Gurth and Wamba, who had managed to escape when the attack was made, had run off to the forest, where they had met Locksley, to whom they told this dreadful tale. Then the three had come together to the hut of Friar Tuck, whom they found singing and laughing with the Black Knight, as you have heard.

But singing and laughing were over now, and the Black Knight, who carefully kept his vizor down, listened gravely and attentively to the story of Gurth and Wamba ; and buckling his armour said they must go at once to the Castle of Torquilstone and do their best to free the captives. Hearing this, Friar Tuck pulled off

his grey gown, and putting on a tight green dress like that worn by Locksley, declared he would go with them ; for, amongst other accomplishments, the frisky friar was very fond of fighting, and would not have missed such a chance as this on any account.

Locksley then blew a loud note on his silver bugle, and his men came running together, till at last there were above three hundred archers dressed in Lincoln green assembled under the forest trees, ready to follow their bold chief wherever he should lead. The Black Knight, however, who rode in front on his war horse, seemed to command the whole party, and they went quickly through the forest straight to the Castle of Torquilstone, and arrived in sight of the ancient fortress just as the morning's sun began to shine on the moss-grown walls and battlements, the fresh morning breeze waving the forest trees and curling the water of the moat with which the castle was surrounded.

They stopped at a short distance from the castle, and sat down on the grass, to settle what should be done. Friar Tuck wrote a letter to the Baron Reginald Front de Bœuf, telling him, that if he did not release all his prisoners directly, the castle would be attacked, all its

bolts and bars broken through, and the Saxons brought out by force.

The great Baron Front de Bœuf sat that morning in a room of his castle, talking with Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert and Sir Maurice de Bracy, and arranging what should be done with the prisoners.

De Bracy's plan was to frighten the Lady Rowena into becoming his wife—not because he really loved the beautiful and gentle Saxon girl, but because he knew her to be a rich heiress, whose money and lands would be extremely useful to him. He had already told Rowena she would never leave that castle unless she consented to marry him, and had left the poor lady weeping bitterly, hopeless of deliverance, and wondering, amid her tears, if she should ever again behold her beloved Wilfred, who, as the cruel De Bracy told her, was now lying wounded in the same dreadful castle.

Front de Bœuf intended to make Isaac of York pay an enormous sum of money before he released him from Torquilstone, and had threatened the Jew with burning on a red-hot gridiron if the money were not paid at once.

While the Normans were talking over their wicked plans, Friar Tuck's letter was brought

in by a servant. Front de Bœuf took it, and stared at the writing, not being able to read a word, for very few knights and barons in those days knew how to read or write. The learned Baron turned the letter round and round, and then tried it upside down, but even this did not help him to the meaning, so he handed the paper to De Bracy. De Bracy thought the letter might be "magic," and would hurt them, so he passed it on to Bois-Guilbert, who was a good scholar, and read the letter aloud. On hearing it, De Bracy, who was young, and not quite so cruel and wicked as the other two, burst into a fit of laughter at the idea of the great and terrible Front de Bœuf receiving such a notice from a Jester and a Swineherd. Bois-Guilbert laughed too; but Front de Bœuf, who was too savage to laugh at anything, told them gruffly to be quiet, and listen to him. He said, it was very hard that he, who had so kindly lent his castle to them, should now be worried in this manner on their account; and that, however De Bracy might laugh at the "Jester" and the "Swineherd," there were three hundred archers besides, all ready for attack, led on by the Black Knight, who had shown himself a good soldier at the Ashby tournament.

Bois-Guilbert and De Bracy looked grave at this, and began to consider what was best to be done. They agreed it should never be said they had been frightened into giving up their prisoners: so Front de Bœuf ordered all the servants of the castle to arm themselves, and sent a furious letter (written by Bois-Guilbert) to the enemy outside, bidding them defiance, and informing them it was his firm intention to cut off the heads of the Saxon prisoners, and stick them on the battlements of the castle before noon that very day.

So both sides made ready for battle: but before the fight began, Wamba the Jester did a very brave and clever thing. He put on a friar's gown, drawing the hood over his head and face, and went boldly up to the castle-gate, asking to see the prisoners. The porter took him for a real priest, and let him in without asking any questions. The disguised Jester was then taken to the room where Athelstane and Cedric were confined; and great was Cedric's astonishment when he saw the queer round face of his Jester under a priest's hood. Wamba then tried to persuade his master to change dresses with him, and walk out of the castle; for, with the hood well drawn over the face, no

one would suspect there had been a change of men in that long loose gown. Cedric objected at first, not wishing to leave his brave Jester in such danger : but remembering there were many friends outside, who he believed would soon save them all, he consented to put on the gown ; and bidding Wamba and Athelstane a sorrowful good-bye, he went away.

He had come very near the outer door of the castle, when a woman's voice sounded near him. Looking round, he saw a very ugly, withered old woman, speaking to him in the Saxon tongue. She told him her name was Ulrica, and that she had once been a young and beautiful Saxon lady, and had been cruelly seized years before by the father of Front de Bœuf, made prisoner, and shut up in the Castle of Torquilstone.

Cedric listened to her tale with grief and surprise. He had once known the father of Ulrica, and believed his unhappy daughter to be dead. Ulrica ended by assuring him that she hated Front de Bœuf, and all that belonged to him, and told Cedric she would help him and his friends to destroy the castle, by setting fire to it inside ; adding, that she would hang out a red flag from one of the windows, as a sign to them when the fire was lighted.

She was still speaking when the loud savage voice of Front de Bœuf sounded near them,—
“Where tarries this loitering priest?”

Ulrica hurried away, and the next moment the giant figure of Front de Bœuf stood before the pretended monk, who had scarcely time to draw his hood over his face. Cedric made a low bow to the haughty Norman, who gave him a nod in return, and striding on in front, opened the gate of the castle, and ordered “the priest” to depart, little thinking that with his own hand he was letting out the very prisoner whose head he intended to cut off in a few hours.

Now you must hear what had been going on besides in the Castle of Torquilstone. Poor Rebecca had been taken from her father Isaac, and shut up in a lonely tower at the top of the castle. The cruel Bois-Guilbert came to see her there, and told her she was his prisoner, and that she would never see her father again, but remain a prisoner to the end of her life.

The wicked Knight approached Rebecca as he spoke, but the frightened maiden started from him, and before he could stop her, she rushed through the window of the room, which opened on to the battlements of the castle. Standing on the very edge of the parapet, Rebecca, in a

firm, clear voice, told Bois-Guilbert she would fling herself from the tower and be dashed to pieces if he came one step nearer. Bois-Guilbert shuddered to see her standing there in such terrible danger, and entreated her to come away, assuring her she need fear him no longer.

"I fear thee not," replied the Jewess. "Thanks to him who reared this dizzy tower so high, that none could fall from it and live—I fear thee not."

There was a pause, and the Knight and the Jewess stood looking at each other, neither moving. Suddenly a trumpet sounded from below. It was the signal for battle, and Bois-Guilbert rushed off, for he knew he could not be spared in helping to defend the castle. He left the door of Rebecca's room open, and she came out, wondering much where she should go to find her father. Entering a room near, she found the Knight of Ivanhoe lying on a couch, ill and feverish, full of pain, and unable to move. His severe wound, though slightly healing, was uncured; and Rebecca's kind heart was grieved to see the brave young man, once so strong, lying there as helpless as a child. She stayed beside him, dressed his wound, raised his aching head, and made him more comfortable;

for this good and beautiful woman was very clever as a doctor, and could nurse a wounded soldier better than any one in England. Ivanhoe knew Rebecca quite well, and was truly grateful for her kindness, not forgetting it was her father Isaac who had lent him the horse and armour on the first day of the famous tournament.

Rebecca remained beside the couch of Ivanhoe, and from the narrow window of the room watched the fighting, which had already begun before the walls of Torquilstone. Ivanhoe was too weak to leave his couch, so he begged Rebecca to stay where she was, and tell him everything that happened.

It was a terrible sight. Men in armour rushed to and fro in obedience to the commands of their leaders ; and the voices of the Knights, giving orders, sounded hoarse and loud above the din ; and often no voices could be heard in the clash of armour and the noise of trampling feet.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" said Ivanhoe. "The wood in front of the castle is full of archers," replied the Jewess ; "and they shoot their arrows in clouds against the walls ; and there is a tall Knight in black armour, who fights like a lion. His face is covered with his vizor ; he is armed from head to heel ; his high black

plume floats over the crowd like a raven over a battle-field. He shouts and encourages the soldiers to follow him; and with his huge battle-axe he strikes and strikes again at the door of the castle."

"And I must lie here," exclaimed Ivanhoe, bitterly, "while others win such glory. Could I but drag myself to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go. Had I but a bow to shoot a shaft, or a battle-axe to strike but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain!—it is in vain! Look out again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance."

"I can scarcely see anything," said Rebecca, "for the clouds of arrows dazzle me, as they fly without ceasing against the walls. Oh! there is the Black Knight again. He has crossed the drawbridge, and fights hand to hand with Front de Bœuf. Oh! he is down—he is down!" "*Who* is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "the Black Knight?" "No, no," said Rebecca, "Front de Bœuf is down. His soldiers rush out to his help; they drag him within the walls."

"And what has become of the Black Knight?" cried Ivanhoe.

"He has fallen," answered Rebecca, faintly. "But no; but no; he is on foot again, and

fight as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. He thunders at the door of the castle. It shakes with the smashing blows of his great axe. Ha! he has splintered it at last. Stones and beams are flung down on the bold champion, but he heeds them no more than feathers or thistle-down."

Then the good Knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, raised himself in his bed with surprise and delight; for he knew there was but one man who could fight like that, and that man was Richard the King!

While the Jewess was still watching from the window, a horrible thing was going on in another part of the castle.

The Baron, Reginald Front de Bœuf, after he had fallen under the blows of the Black Knight, was carried by his servants into the castle and laid upon his bed. There they left him, for they were obliged to hurry back to their places on the walls. Front de Bœuf lay groaning with pain, and wishing he could go on fighting to the last, for he was a brave soldier, though a cruel bad man. Some one opened the door of his room quietly, and walked in. It was the Saxon woman, Ulrica. She came up to the bedside, and putting her hideous wrinkled face close to

his, told him with a horrid grin she had set fire to the room underneath, where all the fag-gots for winter fires were stored. She told him how she hated him, and his father, for all their cruelties to her years before ; and *now*, she said, her time for revenge was come, for Front de Bœuf should be burnt alive, and no one should come near to save him. When the horrible old woman had finished her dreadful speech, she walked slowly out of the room, locking the door and carrying off the key. From another window Ulrica then hung out the red flag—the promised signal of Fire !—to those outside.

Soon great puffs of smoke filled the room, and rolled thicker and thicker round the Baron's bed. Then fire blazed in and set everything alight, and scorched the wounded helpless man before it touched him. Front de Bœuf in vain screamed and roared for help, and struggled in his agony to rise from his burning bed. Quicker and quicker the flames blazed over him, and in a few minutes his cries ceased, for he was burnt to death, and there was an end of the wicked life of Front de Bœuf.

When the Black Knight had battered down the door of the castle, he met Maurice de Bracy, and began a fresh fight with him. De Bracy

was soon overthrown, but not severely wounded; and the Black Knight, kneeling down, whispered something in his ear. Then De Bracy knew the King of England, and gave himself up a prisoner.

By this time the whole castle was on fire, and there was no time to be lost. The Black Knight rushed on through rooms and passages, till he found the room where Ivanhoe was. He snatched Sir Wilfred from the couch, and carried him in his strong arms out of the burning castle. There was indeed no safety now for any one in Torquilstone, for the flames were spreading fast around the walls. Brightly they flashed from the windows, and blazed higher and higher, casting a red glare on the sky above, which could be seen for miles around. People came rushing out to save themselves; and there was a fearful noise in the courtyard of men still fighting and their armour clashing as they fell one on another in their hurry to escape; and still the fire, fanned by the wind, roared round the walls of Torquilstone, wrapping the whole castle in a blaze of light. Flaming splinters of burning wood flashed through the thick clouds of smoke that rolled through the many windows. Tower after tower fell down with a crashing

sound ; and in the midst of the glare, and smoke, and confusion, was seen the figure of the Saxon Ulrica who had first kindled the fire. She stood on the edge of a wall singing a wild song—her grey hair streaming in the wind. As the men watched her from below, the wall on which she stood gave way under her feet, and down she went into the midst of the flames, and was never seen again. Such was the end of Ulrica and Front de Bœuf, and the famous Castle of Torquilstone.

Locksley and his archers had taken good care to release Wamba, Athelstane, and Rowena from the castle, and then they went from room to room taking away as many things as they could carry (for I am sorry to say these valiant archers were a sad set of thieves), and they agreed to meet under a certain tree of the forest called the Trysting Tree, and there divide everything equally amongst themselves.

The Black Knight, Cedric, Rowena, and the rest, made a large party under the Trysting Tree. The Saxon maiden, mounted on a beautiful chestnut horse, rode about amongst the archers, and with many smiles and kind words thanked them for the great service they had done. The Black Knight, whom, as yet, nobody

knew, said he must now bid them farewell, as he had much to do elsewhere. He promised to pay Cedric a visit at Rotherwood before long; and then mounting his horse, and taking Wamba as a guide, rode away through the forest. Cedric and Rowena set off homewards, and reached the end of their journey in safety. But the Black Knight was not so fortunate. He went first to a house whither he had sent Ivanhoe, and stayed there some time talking kindly to the wounded knight, who of course knew his royal master quite well, for had they not fought together through many a weary battle-day far away in Palestine?

The Knight, leaving his friend Sir Wilfred, then rode on with his guide Wamba, cantering merrily through the forest glades, talking of their past adventures; when suddenly an armed man started from behind a tree and struck with his sword at the Black Knight. Six or seven others also rushed out, waving their swords and crying, "Die, tyrant!"

The Knight, though taken by surprise, drew his sword, and, spurring his horse, struck down two of the party; but they were too many for him, and he would have been slain, had not Wamba, who had borrowed Locksley's silver

bugle, blown a piercing note with all his might. In a few moments Locksley himself, and half-a-dozen archers, came running to the spot. An arrow from Locksley killed the man nearest the Black Knight; and the rest of the attacking party, astonished at this sudden help, fled through the forest, leaving three or four of their companions dead on the ground.

Now this wicked attempt on the life of the Black Knight had been contrived by Prince John. Maurice de Bracy had fled from Torquilstone to York, and told the Prince of his hated brother's arrival in England. The cruel Prince sent out this party to waylay and murder his brother, hoping that in the lonely forest no one would be there to help. But his plans failed, as you have seen, and when all fighting was over, the Black Knight, taking off his helmet, showed his own royal face; and thanking Locksley and his valiant archers for their great service, told them that they had that day saved the life of the King of England.

At these words Locksley and his men knelt down on the grass, and did homage to the king; vowing themselves his faithful subjects, and begging forgiveness for having hunted in the King's forests, shooting the deer without leave.

King Richard, looking round on the kneeling outlaws, said, "Arise, my friends: your faults in forest and field are atoned for by the loyal service you rendered my distressed subjects at Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded your Sovereign. And thou, too, brave Locksley"——

"Call me no longer Locksley," said the archer; "I am Robin Hood, of Sherwood Forest."

"Robin Hood!" said the King. "King of outlaws, and prince of good fellows!—Then where is Friar Tuck?"

The fat Friar came forward, and knelt on the grass, looking exceedingly grave and respectful in the presence of Royalty. But neither King nor Friar could help laughing at the remembrance of the shocking noise they had made together after supper that merry evening in the Friar's hut.

Robin Hood now ordered a feast of venison to be spread under the trees, and down they all sat to enjoy a famous feast. The King of England, always ready for a frolic, drank the health of the King of the Greenwood; and Robin Hood and his archers drank their royal master's health, cheering him boisterously, till

the forest rang again with their shouts. While the fun was at its loudest, they spied a mounted knight coming through the trees. It was Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Though still weak and ill, the brave Knight, hearing of the attack on his beloved master, had left his bed at once, determined to try at least to help him ; and great was Ivanhoe's pleasure to find the King in safety, surrounded by his faithful subjects. Ivanhoe then respectfully told the King he was going to his father's house, and King Richard said he would also pay a visit to Cedric of Rotherwood. Robin Hood and his followers, uncovering their heads, stood up to bid their Sovereign farewell ; and the King, mounting his horse, thanked them again for all they had done for him, and waving his hand, rode away with the Knight of Ivanhoe.

They went first to the castle of Coningsburgh, Athelstane's house, where they found Cedric and Rowena. Then, for the first time, did Cedric the Saxon hear that the valiant Black Knight, who had rescued them from Front de Bouf's castle, was the King of England : and the grateful Saxon, feeling that he owed his life and the lives of his friends to the wonderful strength and bravery of the King, knelt at his

feet and vowed obedience to Richard as his Sovereign. The King then told Cedric he must no longer ask Rowena to marry Athelstane, whom she so much disliked, but give his consent to the marriage of Ivanhoe and Rowena. Cedric, though not very much pleased, could not well refuse his King's request ; especially as Athelstane himself said he would not marry the Lady Rowena against her will. At last it was settled that Wilfred and his beloved lady should be married, and everybody rejoiced.

Now, before this long story comes to an end, you must hear what became of poor Rebecca. When the Castle of Torquilstone caught fire, Brian de Bois-Guilbert rushed into Ivanhoe's room, and seeing Rebecca, seized her in spite of her cries and carried her off. Ivanhoe, in despair, tried to spring from his couch to help her, but was too weak ; and he sank back in grief and anger, knowing the unfortunate maiden would come to some dreadful harm in the power of the wicked Bois-Guilbert.

Sir Brian placed Rebecca on a swift horse, and calling his followers around him, they galloped at full speed over the country, far away from the burning castle. They stopped at last at Templestowe, a large house where many

Knights lived together. They were called Knights-Templars. You will often hear of the Templars in history, so you may as well know something about them now. The Templars were half-monks—half-soldiers; that is, they were allowed to go about in foreign countries, and fight battles both abroad and at home; but in time of peace, they were obliged to live quietly in their monastery, keep very strict rules, and call each other "Brother," as monks always do. They had a master set over them, called The Grand Master of the Templars, and he could order any Templar to be punished, or even put to death, if any rule in the house were broken. The master at this time, Lucas de Beaumanoir, was a very severe man; and those amongst the Templars who were in the habit of breaking the rules were terribly afraid of him.

Well, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the Templar, brought Rebecca the Jewess to Templestowe, and, against all rules, shut her up there. Her father Isaac, hearing of this, nearly broke his heart, for Rebecca was dearer to him than anything he had in the world, and he entreated a powerful Abbot, who knew Bois-Guilbert, to write an order that Rebecca should be immediately set free. With this letter, the Jew set

out at once for Templestowe ; and the poor old man was going straight up to the door of the house, when he saw the Grand Master himself walking in the garden, attended by a servant. The stern old Master, seeing Isaac, asked him what he wanted. Isaac humbly answered, he had a letter for the noble Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. "Give me the letter," said the Grand Master. The Jew, with trembling hands, drew forth the Abbot's letter, and held it out. "Back, dog !" said the Grand Master, who would have thought it a disgrace to touch a Jew. "Conrade, take the letter from the Jew, and give it to me." The attendant obeyed, and Lucas de Beaumanoir opened and read the letter, which was certainly never intended for him to see. It was one of the strictest rules at Templestowe, that no woman should ever be allowed to come inside the walls ; and terrible was the Grand Master's fury to learn, that not only a woman, but a *Jewess*, was in the house at that very moment. He declared in his rage that both Bois-Guilbert and the Jewess should be put to death ; and paid not the slightest attention to the tears and entreaties of poor old Isaac, who tried in vain to assure him that the Templar alone was to blame. He told the un-

happy Jew to "begone," and instantly gave commands that all the Knights-Templars should at once assemble in the great hall of Templestowe, to attend the trial of "brother" Brian de Bois-Guilbert ; who, with the help of a "wicked Jewess," had broken one of the strictest rules of the Temple.

In a short time the hall was crowded with knights, all arrayed in long white cloaks, and in silence eagerly waiting to know how the trial would go on. The Grand Master took his seat, and then Rebecca was led in between two soldiers, and placed at the end of the hall, exactly opposite her judge. She looked very pale and sorrowful, for she had suffered much pain and terror since that dreadful day at Torquilstone ; but her face was as beautiful as ever, and her gentle voice was clear and firm, for she knew she was innocent. All the knights, and even the stern old Master himself, felt sorry for her ; but Lucas de Beaumanoir would not show his pity ; and in a gruff and angry voice asked her how she dared to break the laws of Templestowe and come there, when she knew no woman was permitted within the walls.

Rebecca answered, it was by no fault of hers

she now found herself in Templestowe ; and great was the wickedness and cruelty of the man who had carried her there by force. Turning to the place where Bois-Guilbert stood, the unhappy Jewess called upon him, in a clear and commanding tone, to speak the truth at once, and declare to the whole assembly that she—Rebecca—was perfectly innocent ; and that *his* wickedness alone had brought all this sin and trouble. But Rebecca spoke in vain. Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and would not say a word to save the woman who now stood in danger of her life through him.

Now, the Grand Master and all the Templars knew that if Bois-Guilbert were put to death (as he so richly deserved) they would lose the best soldier of the Temple ; so they cruelly determined to spare his life, and lay the whole blame on the unfortunate Rebecca. The life of a mere Jewess was held of small importance in those days, especially when compared to the life of a useful and valiant champion of the Templars ; so after this pretence of a “ trial,” the Grand Master passed a horrible sentence on the innocent and lovely Rebecca. He commanded that she should be taken back to the

room where she had been confined, and then, in three days from that time, she should be brought forth and burnt alive in the courtyard of Templestowe, unless some knight should come forward for her sake, and fight Bois-Guilbert, and conquer him. So Rebecca was led away a prisoner ; and everybody was anxious to know if any knight could be found, brave and generous enough to fight for a Jewess against so terrible and famous a warrior as Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

The third day came. The courtyard of Templestowe was made ready, and at one end a throne was set up for the Grand Master, with many seats around it for knights of high rank, who with their many followers came to see the dreadful sight. At the other end of the courtyard was a large pile of faggots heaped around a stake, and a black chair was placed close to the faggots, in which Rebecca was to sit until the sign was given to chain her to the stake. She was to sit there all day, and then, if no champion appeared to fight for her against the Templar, the faggots were to be lighted and the innocent maiden burnt.

Soon the great bell of Templestowe began to toll, and the Templar Bois-Guilbert, mounted on

his war-horse, and arrayed in bright armour, rode forth and took his place in silence beside the black chair. Then the Grand Master and his attendants took their seats, and, last of all, Rebecca was led forth, clad in a long white robe—her long black hair falling on her shoulders, and her face pale with past sorrow, and dread of all she had yet to suffer. She seated herself, and for a time there was a great silence.

The Templar was near enough to speak to Rebecca, and he stooped from his horse and whispered "Rebecca."

"I have nought to do with thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Nay, but listen," said the Knight. "Thou shalt not die—there is yet a chance for thee—mount thee behind me on my steed—my gallant Zamor—he never failed me yet—and we will both flee far away, never to return."

"Begone, bad man," answered Rebecca; "surrounded as I am by enemies, *thou* art my worst foe—begone!"

After this the Templar dared speak no more to Rebecca, but waited in silence for what might happen next.

Suddenly the clatter of galloping hoofs was heard, and a mounted knight rode into the

courtyard. He looked pale, as if scarcely recovered from illness ; and his horse was weary with hasty travelling. He rode up close to Rebecca, who in grateful wonder beheld the well-remembered face of Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Bending down, he asked her if she would accept him as her champion. Poor Rebecca, with tears in her large dark eyes, besought him not to risk his life, feeble as he was, against the strength of the Templar ; but Ivanhoe took his place, reining up his horse, and called aloud, in a voice of defiance, to Bois-Guilbert.

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar proudly "Get thy wounds healed—get thee a better horse—then perhaps it *may* be worth my while."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember thy boast at Rotherwood, that thou wouldst yet conquer Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Unless thou do battle without further delay, I will proclaim thee Coward in every court of Europe!"

The Templar, with a face of rage, made ready for instant fight, and the two, spurring their horses, flew at each other with all the strength they possessed. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe,

and its no less tired and feeble rider, went down at once, as all had expected, before the well-aimed thrust and powerful horse of the Templar; but, to the astonishment of all, Bois-Guilbert fell too, rolled on the ground, and there lay quite still. Ivanhoe, unhurt from his fall, sprang to his feet, and, drawing his sword, advanced towards his enemy, calling upon him to fight or yield.

But the Templar did not move. A knight was sent up to him and unfastened his helmet. He was quite dead. There was no wound on him, and none present could guess the cause of his sudden and unexpected death. Perhaps sorrow for his great wickedness had killed him—no one could tell—but there was no doubt he was dead, and the Knight of Ivanhoe again victorious.

Rebecca—the good and beautiful—was instantly set free; and her poor old father, Isaac, who had been weeping in the crowd, came forward and embraced his daughter, so unexpectedly restored to him, and took her home.

Before the crowd cleared away, King Richard, still in his suit of black armour, and attended by a numerous train of soldiers, rode in amongst the people. He wore his vizor up now, and

glad indeed were his loving subjects to see once more the handsome face and bright blue eyes of their valiant King. Cries of welcome echoed from all sides, "Long life to Richard of the Lion's heart!" The King bowed and smiled on the shouting crowd, and seemed delighted at the affection of his people. He scolded Ivanhoe for attempting to fight when too weak to sit on a horse, and said he himself would have fought with the Templar rather than allow Rebecca to suffer. But now no one had to suffer, and Wilfred had nothing to do but stay at home quietly until the splendid preparations were complete for his wedding with his beautiful and beloved Rowena.

The marriage very soon took place, and great was the happiness of the Knight and Lady of Ivanhoe. A few days after the wedding, Rebecca the Jewess came to the Lady Rowena to pay her a visit. She brought in her hand a splendid wedding gift—a casket of costly jewels. Rowena, looking into Rebecca's face, saw how sad the Jewish maiden looked, and with many kind words begged her to come and stay with them, for well she knew how much Rebecca's careful nursing had done for the Knight of Ivanhoe. The beautiful Jewess shook her head, and gently

refused the kind offers of the Lady of Ivanhoe. She said she had only come to offer her gift and bid farewell to her English friends ; for she was about to leave England with her father Isaac, and remain for the rest of her life in a foreign land. Then Rebecca went away, and was never again seen in England. She was sorry to leave her kind friends—one of whom had so gloriously rescued her from danger and death—but not sorry to leave England, where her sufferings had been so great.


The Knight of Ivanhoe and his Lady led a long and happy life, and Sir Wilfred followed King Richard in all his wars, gaining every year fresh renown as a valiant and victorious Knight.

And the Abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
Was the merriest of them all ;
And would take his place with a smiling face
When refection-bell would call.

The Monks of Old.



THE MONASTERY.

 HIS is a fairy tale, so you must expect to hear a variety of the most wonderful and unaccountable things.

Once upon a time, about three hundred years ago, the splendid and stately Monastery of St. Mary's stood upon the banks of the Tweed. Abbot Boniface and his monks lived there, in peace and quietness, for a long time. There were Father Eustace the Sub-Prior, Father Philip the Sacristan, and many others—all with long black gowns, rope girdles, and shaven heads; and the people of the villages around looked upon the Abbot and his monks with great respect, paid glad obedience to their orders, and all for a time went peacefully and well. But at last trouble came to Scotland. War broke out with England,

—a terrible battle was fought at Pinkie, and many brave men, Scottish and English, were left dead on the field.

Simon Glendinning, a valiant Scot, was amongst the slain : and when the doleful news, which spread terror and mourning throughout Scotland, reached the Tower of Glendearg, Simon's house, Elspeth, his wife, found herself a lonely widow, with two little boys to feed and support.

The Tower of Glendearg stood at the end of a lonely glen, not far from the Monastery. One day as the widow stood at her door holding her boys, Halbert and Edward, one in each hand, a party of English soldiers, headed by their captain, Stawarth Bolton, came tramping down the glen, and stopped at the Tower of Glendearg. Elspeth was dreadfully frightened, for she expected the English soldiers would rob her of all she had, and perhaps burn her house to the ground. But Stawarth Bolton was a truly brave man, and therefore kind and merciful to the helpless. He checked his horse, and spoke tenderly to Dame Glendinning—who he knew had just lost her husband in the battle—and he could not help smiling to see how the mother clutched her boys closer, as if she thought that terrible soldier in

bright armour and waving plume meant to steal them.

Halbert, the eldest, was a brave-looking boy, with bright black eyes and dark curling hair. He looked angrily at the "Southron," as the English were called ; and when Stawarth Bolton asked him in a joke to come and be a soldier and fight for England, the little fellow fiercely answered, he would fight *against* the "false Southrons" when he grew up, and avenge his father's death.

Edward, the younger, was a gentle-looking boy with blue eyes and fair hair, but he also had an angry word for the English captain, and called him a "heretic." By "heretic" Edward meant that Bolton was a Protestant, for the boy, like the rest of his family, was a Roman Catholic, and had been taught to consider the Protestants quite wrong and very wicked.

Stawarth Bolton laughed good-naturedly at the boys' scolding, and told the widow none of his soldiers should hurt her. Then he bade her kindly farewell, and setting spurs to his gallant horse, galloped off, followed by his troop, and in a few minutes the rattling hoofs were no longer heard ; the gay plumes and bright armour had vanished, and all was quiet again. You must

not forget Stawarth Bolton, as you will hear of him again before the story is done.

Other people, besides Elspeth Glendinning, were left desolate by the battle of Pinkie. Walter Avenel, a noble Scottish Baron, was slain in the fight; and news came to the sorrowing Lady of Avenel that a party of English soldiers were coming to plunder her castle and lands, so as to prevent, by this cruel example, any other Scottish nobles fighting against England. The poor lady, with her little child Mary, took refuge in a miserable cottage among the hills, belonging to Martin Tacket, the shepherd; and he and his wife Tibb did their best to make their mistress comfortable. But the English came even to that small cottage, and drove away the cows, whose milk was almost the only food the lady and her servants had to live upon: they therefore persuaded her at last to move to the house of Elspeth Glendinning, who was only too glad and proud to receive her. So one day Martin and Tibb brought out Shagram, their little rough pony—put little Mary Avenel on his back, and the lady and the rest walked slowly beside him through the glen till they came to the Tower of Glendearg. Elspeth was at the door, eager to welcome the unhappy Lady of Avenel,

for the lady, when rich and powerful, had always been good and kind to every one ; and now in her time of trouble her poor neighbours remembered this well.

As time went on, the country became more quiet, and the Lady of Avenel might have returned to her husband's castle ; but the Baron's brother, Julian, a fierce wicked man, took possession of the house, though he knew well that it rightly belonged to the lady, and after her to her daughter Mary. However, Julian Avenel had plenty of soldiers at his command, and the widowed lady had neither soldiers, nor money, nor power ; so she did not try to get her castle back, but stayed quietly at Glendearg, spending her time in teaching Mary, and trying to give her an education such as a Baron's daughter ought to have.

Three years passed away pleasantly enough. Mary Avenel and the two boys were very happy together, for both the boys were very fond of her, and would do anything to serve her or make her happy.

Halbert was now a tall handsome lad,—always out of doors, climbing rocks, shooting game, and hunting deer. Edward was a quiet boy—brave enough, as his father's son was

sure to be, but he loved books and study best of all.

At the end of three years Tibb Tacket and Dame Glendinning were grieved to notice the Lady of Avenel looking very ill; and it soon became plain she would not live much longer. Old Martin mounted Shagram, and trotted off to the Monastery, and begged that one of the fathers would come and see the dying lady.

Father Philip, the Sacristan, took the message to the Abbot, who was just sitting down to supper. Abbot Boniface was a good sort of old gentleman, but being extremely fat and *rather* lazy, he did not always feel inclined to leave his easy chair, especially just before supper. So he said solemnly he could not go that evening himself to Glendearg, but that Father Philip must saddle his mule, and return with Martin. Father Philip was of course obliged to obey, and he and Martin very soon arrived at the Tower.

The Sacristan went at once to the Lady's room, and after staying there some time, came out looking very grave and displeased, for he had discovered that the lady did not belong to his Church, and was either too ill to listen to his teaching or did not care for it. Elspeth

too was shocked to hear this, and showed Father Philip a book the lady was in the constant habit of reading. It was bound in black leather with silver clasps. Directly the monk saw the book, he gave a sort of groan, and said he must take it away and show it to the Abbot, for it was a book strictly forbidden. Then Elspeth was in a great fright, for she knew how dearly the lady prized her book, and how dreadfully grieved she would be to lose it; but Father Philip insisted on having it, and the dame was afraid to disobey him; so he took the black leather volume, put it in the bosom of his gown, mounted his mule, and rode away, well content.

It was getting dark, and Father Philip wanted his supper; he made his mule trot briskly on till he came to a stream, which a little further on turned the convent-mill. There was a drawbridge for travellers; but Peter the bridge-keeper would not let it down without being paid for his trouble. The monks of St. Mary's never would pay if they could help it, and about this bridge there was constant quarrelling. It was quite possible for a horse to ford the stream at one part, and it was Peter's delight to make the monks

go through the water instead of across the bridge.

This evening Father Philip was in a hurry ; and as the stream was running unusually strong he did not wish to try the ford. So he rode up close to the water, and called out, "Peter, my good friend—my very excellent friend Peter—be so kind as to lower the draw-bridge. Peter, I say—dost thou not hear? it is thy gossip Father Philip who calls."

Peter heard him perfectly well, and saw him into the bargain ; but as he considered the Sacristan particularly his enemy in the disputes about the bridge, he went quietly to bed, remarking to his wife, that "riding the water on a moonlight night would do the Sacristan no harm, and teach him the value of a bridge next time."

After tiring his throat with shouting, Father Philip gave up, and guided his mule to the edge of the ford. To his great astonishment he saw a female figure sitting close to the water, on the stump of an old oak. Her long hair hung over her drooping face, and she appeared to be weeping bitterly and wringing her hands. The monk stared at her, and then spoke, but she gave him no answer,—only looked first at the water, and then at him.

Father Philip then supposed she wished to get across, and politely pointed behind his saddle, making signs for her to mount. In an instant the maiden jumped up, seated herself on the mule's back, behind the monk, and soon showed herself the better rider of the two, for the mule jumped so high when she felt the double load, that Father Philip would have gone over her head, had not the maiden with a firm hand held him in the saddle. The mule then dashed into the water. The ford was deep, and the water rose high on the sides of the beast as she waded on. Father Philip was in such a fright with his restive mule, and the extraordinary person sitting behind him, that he forgot to hold the animal's head straight for the opposite bank. The mule lost her footing, and the next minute was away from the ford, swimming rapidly down the stream. The monk was nearly mad with terror; and to make matters worse, the woman began to sing in a loud voice close to his ear. Her song frightened him ten times more—

“Merrily swim we : the moon shines bright !
There's a golden gleam on the distant height,
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.

I see the abbey, both turret and tower,
 It is all astir for the vesper hour ;
 The monks for chapel are leaving each cell ;
 But where's Father Philip to toll the bell ?

"Merrily swim we : the moon shines bright !
 Downward we drift through shadow and light.
 Under yon rock the eddies sleep
 Calm and silent, dark and deep.
 The Kelpy has risen from fathomless pool ;
 He has lighted his candle of death and of dool.
 Look, father, look ! and you'll laugh to see
 How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee !

"Good luck to your fishing ! Whom watch ye by night !
 A man of mean or a man of might ?
 Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove ?
 Or lover, who crosses to visit his love ?
 Hark ! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we passed ?
 Blessings on the warder, he locked the bridge fast.
 All that come to my cove are sunk,
 Priest or layman, lover or monk."

How long the damsel might have continued to sing, or where the terrified monk's journey might have ended, is uncertain. As she finished the last verse they came to a broad smooth sheet of water, close to the convent-mill ; and the mule began to make desperate efforts to get to the shore. Poor Father Philip was bumped backwards and forwards on his saddle like a sack of wheat, and expected to be drowned

every moment. His gown became loose, and the Black Book nearly dropped from his bosom. He put up his hand to save it, and as he did so the woman seized him by the collar, dragged him from the saddle, and dipped him two or three times in the stream, and, after making sure he was thoroughly well soaked, let him go. Luckily he was now close to the bank, and, feeling himself free, he scrambled out. Dripping, panting, and nearly dead, he sat up and looked round for his dreadful companion; she was nowhere to be seen—had utterly vanished.

Hark! what did the monk hear? Mixing with the sound of the rushing stream came the voice again, singing—

“Landed, landed! the Black Book hath won,
Else had ye seen Berwick by morning sun.
Sain ye and save ye! Blithe may ye be!
For seldom they land who go swimming with me.”

The unhappy Sacristan could bear no more: he tumbled on the grass and fainted: and for the present we must leave him lying there.

The vesper, or evening service, had long been over in the Monastery, and Abbot Boniface was comfortably seated in his high-backed arm-chair before a good fire. He was thinking over many things in Church and State—for the

good Abbot had received some letters that day which much perplexed him—and he sent to the Sub-Prior, Father Eustace, hoping that his clever head—(the cleverest in the Monastery)—would help to arrange matters. Father Eustace came at once, but the two had scarcely begun their grave conversation, when a Monk rushed in, pale with terror, exclaiming that Father Philip's mule had just come to her stable-door alone, all wet, and the saddle turned round under her!

“Sancta Maria!” said the Abbot, “our dear brother has perished by the way.” Eustace, however, was active, and instantly gave orders for the alarm bell to be sounded, torches got ready, and for some of the monks to set out directly for the stream. All was hurry, fright, and confusion, when, in the midst of the bustle and the noise of chattering tongues, in walked Father Philip. The unfortunate Sacristan was indeed a miserable object: drenched to the skin, and white as a sheet, he walked slowly forward, leaning on the arm of the convent miller.

The monks eagerly gathered round their brother, wondering much what could possibly have happened; but if they thought they were going that minute to have an exact account of

Father Philip's adventures, they were mistaken ; for the poor man, still leaning against the sturdy miller who had helped him home, could do nothing but stare about ; and when he tried to speak, all he could bring out was—"Swim we merrily, the moon shines bright."

"*Swim we merrily !*" said the Abbot, very angrily. "Is *that* the way you speak to your Superior?"

"Our brother is not well," said Eustace, kindly ; "speak, Father Philip, how is it with you?"

"Good luck to your fishing!" answered the poor Sacristan, again trying to sing the tune he had heard on the stream.

"*Good luck to your fishing !*" roared the Abbot, now in a great passion ; "why, the man is drunk! He shall be shut up and fed on bread and water!"

Father Eustace could not help thinking poor Father Philip had had water enough for the present, and that he was not tipsy at all, only frightened out of his wits, and exhausted by some great fatigue. So Eustace asked Hob Miller when, and where, and how, he had found the Sacristan. Hob said he had found him lying on the grass close to the stream, and,

fancying him at first a great pig, was going to give him a good knock, when the poor monk groaned. Finding who it was, the miller pulled Father Philip up, and managed at last to make him walk to the Monastery. More than this Hob Miller knew nothing ; so, having told his tale, he made his bow to the Abbot and reverend fathers, and went home.

The Abbot then ordered Father Philip to go at once to bed, and this order the poor Sacristan gladly obeyed. But Father Eustace was determined to find out the truth of the matter ; and before Father Philip was allowed to go to sleep he had told the whole wonderful story to the Sub-Prior. But where was the Black Book ? The Sacristan could give no account of it, except that he supposed the woman had taken it.

Father Eustace was quite out of patience with him, and said the story was all nonsense. The Abbot also, when he heard the marvellous tale, was angry, and scolded the Sacristan for his absurd inventions ; but it was of no use. Father Philip stoutly declared the tale was quite true, and was so positive about it, that Eustace at last resolved to go himself to the Tower of Glendearg, and hear from Elspeth, or

perhaps from the Lady of Avenel herself, some of the Book's history. The next day, therefore, he mounted his mule, and rode up the glen. On coming to the bridge, he gave Peter a smart lecture for his rudeness to Father Philip, telling him how nearly the good monk had been drowned. Peter was very sorry, and promised to behave better in future ; and stood respectfully, cap in hand, while the Sub-Prior rode soberly over the bridge.

Arriving at the tower, Father Eustace found, to his great sorrow, that the Lady of Avenel was dead. Elspeth was crying so much, it was some time before she could speak to the good father. He comforted her as well as he could, and when she became a little quieter, he asked her if she knew anything of a Book much prized by the Lady of Avenel, and which had been taken away by Father Philip.

Elspeth said, a most curious thing had happened. Her boys, Halbert and Edward, had been playing with Mary Avenel in the Glen, and had seen a White Woman sitting by the burn-side, weeping and wringing her hands. Halbert had gone boldly up to speak to her, but when he approached closely the figure had vanished, and they found the Book lying on the

very spot where, a moment before, they had seen the woman.

The Sub-Prior was so puzzled he could say nothing ; for he did not believe that Elspeth, the children, and Father Philip, *could* all be mistaken ; nor was it likely that they would join in telling falsehoods. He asked to see the Book, and finding, as Father Philip had done, it was an English Bible, he said it was a forbidden book, and that he must take it away. Elspeth did not so much mind about it this time ; the poor Lady of Avenel being dead, and Mary too young (as Elspeth thought) to read it.

Just as the Father was about to start homeward, a horseman rode up to the door. He was Christie of Clinthill, a rude and violent soldier in the service of Julian Avenel. Christie said he had been sent by his master, the Baron, to inquire for the Lady ; and he asked Elspeth to give him and his horse some refreshment, as he had to go on, and leave a message at the Monastery. "But perhaps," added Christie impudently, "this monk will do my errand."

"Thy errand, rude man ?" said the monk, frowning, "are you a servant of the Laird of Avenel, and speak thus rudely to a Brother of St. Mary's ?"

"You tell the Abbot," said the ruffian, still more violently, "that my master, Julian Avenel, is coming to the Monastery with a party of friends, with horses and servants, and they must be feasted and lodged for three days."

"Tell thy master," answered the Sub-Prior, "that our lands and goods were given to relieve pilgrims and pious persons—not to feast bands of rude soldiers."

Christie of Clinthill lowered his lance and pointed it at the monk's body. Dame Glendinning began to scream for help. "Tibb Tacket! Martin! where are ye all? Christie, pray consider he is a man of the Holy Church!"

Father Eustace was a brave man, and cared nothing for the soldier's lance, but stood boldly up without moving an inch; and in a few minutes even the rude and violent Christie felt ashamed of having levelled a weapon at an unarmed man, and, putting down his lance, made a sort of grumbling excuse. "Soldier, I forgive thee," said the Sub-Prior, "and may God bless thee, and make thee honest." Then they parted. Christie went into the house to have supper, and Father Eustace mounted his mule and rode slowly away, full of thought.

It was a chill November evening, and a mist was rising, making the glen look dark and dreary, but Eustace was so busy thinking, he noticed neither the cold, nor the increasing darkness, and let his quiet mule jog along as slowly as she liked. Suddenly he was roused by the tramp of a horse behind him, and in a moment Christie of Clinthill dashed past. "Good even, my son," said the Monk ; but the rude soldier made no answer, only clapped spurs to his horse and galloped on, leaving Eustace behind.

The Monk now mended his pace, for it was getting very late ; but the mule, though generally very quiet, began to fidget in a very odd manner, and at last started from the path, and refused to go forward. Eustace struck her smartly with his whip, but she would not stir ; and to the Monk's astonishment a female voice chanted close to his ear—

"Good even, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
 With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide :
 But ride you thro' valley, or ride you o'er hill,
 There is one who has warrant to wait on you still.
 Back ! back !
 The volume black,
 I have a warrant to carry it back."

The Sub-Prior stared around him. Not a

bush was to be seen that could hide a woman—not a figure of any kind could he see; and yet the voice sounded in his ears as if the singer were touching him. The mule trembled in every limb, laid her ears back, and stared into the mist as if *she*, at any rate, saw something frightful there. Again the song went on—

“Sain you and save you! be wary and wise,
Ride back with the Book, or you'll pay for your
prize.”

Even the courage of Eustace began to shake. What *could* he do? The darkness grew deeper; his mule would not stir; and the horrible voice went on singing.

At last it stopped, and the mule seemed to recover her fright, and moved on, though trembling and unsteady. At the end of the glen she stopped again, shivering and staring as before, and the monk, who saw *nothing*, felt himself pushed from the saddle. He fell to the ground, and became insensible.

When he came to himself, he found he had been lying on the grass a long time. Night was come; the pale moon was shining and lighting up the glen; the damp mist was gone;

and the mule was quietly grazing beside her master, and came peaceably up to him when she saw him move. Once more on her back, the weary and wonder-stricken monk hastened home, and met with no more alarms before reaching the gates of the Monastery; but fresh wonders met him there. The monks, seeing him approach, rushed out with shouts of welcome, and bringing him before the Abbot, showed him at the further end of the hall Christie of Clinthill, with his hands bound, just receiving sentence of death from the Abbot, for having *murdered Father Eustace*. Great was everybody's astonishment to see the Sub-Prior walk in without a wound upon him, and nobody was more amazed than Father Eustace himself.

Christie's story was this.—He had waited for the Sub-Prior at the end of the glen, and had then ridden at him and thrust his spear into him. The monk had fallen from his mule as if dead, and Christie had approached to rob him of any money he might have, and also of a gold crucifix he had noticed. As he stooped over the body, a *woman all in white* had appeared with a bulrush in her hand, with which she had struck him down as easily as he could

have struck a child with an iron mace, singing as she did so—

“Thank the holly bush
That nods on thy brow ;
Or with this slender rush
I had strangled thee now.”

Then the figure had vanished, and Christie had picked himself up as well as he could, and leaving Father Eustace (as he thought) dead, had come straight to the Monastery to give himself up as a prisoner.

Father Eustace now begged the Abbot to pardon Christie ; for whether his marvellous tale were true or not, it was very clear he had killed nobody, and could not therefore deserve death. Abbot Boniface granted the good monk's request, and Christie of Clinthill, grateful for his narrow escape, was unbound, and took his departure. Before he went, however, Eustace, taking the gold crucifix from his bosom, put it into the soldier's hand, telling him solemnly never again to attempt so awful a crime as murder, for the sake of a piece of gold. Christie hung his head, thoroughly ashamed for once in his life, and went away with a softer heart than he had felt for years.

Father Eustace now related to the Abbot his

own wonderful adventures, and sorely puzzled were they all to understand who or what this White Woman could be, who seemed to watch over the Avenel family, and to respect even those who wore the holly branch, the crest of the Avenels. For many years there had been stories of this White Lady of Avenel, but the monks of St. Mary's, who were wise and learned men, considered such fairy tales great rubbish, quite unworthy of notice. Now, the case was very different, and the more they talked about it, the more unaccountable it appeared.

A few years went on, and Halbert and Edward Glendinning were now grown up. Mary Avenel too was no longer a little girl, but a tall young woman with a fair and gentle face. She still remained at the Tower of Glendearg, well content with her peaceful life, and never desiring to return to her father's mansion, which was still in the possession of her fierce uncle, Julian Avenel.

Halbert Glendinning's great wish was to be a soldier; but Edward preferred his books, and spent most of his time in his studies, and helping Mary with her lessons, in which she always took pleasure. Halbert was sometimes very

angry with Mary for staying at home with Edward and her books, instead of rambling about the woods and enjoying the fresh air with him. One day he quite lost his temper, and left the house in a passion, saying, *he* knew a much better teacher than Edward, as Mary would soon find out. He walked quickly up the glen till he came to a place called "The Fairies' Well," and standing still began singing—

"Thrice to the holly brake,
Thrice to the well,
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel."

These words were hardly spoken when a figure clothed in white stood before Halbert Glendinning. She was very pale and beautiful, and stood waiting for him to speak. Halbert boldly asked her where the Book was, which she had taken years ago from the monk of St. Mary's. The woman touched him with a soft hand—so cold it made him shudder, and leading him on, they plunged through the earth, going down at such a rate, that Halbert nearly lost his breath. Suddenly they came to a large grotto of splendid spars and crystal, shining all over with the reflection of a bright flame, burning in the

midst. Right in the centre of the flame lay the Book, untouched and unhurt. Halbert rushed forward, thrust his hand into the fire, and snatched the Book. In an instant the flames shot up high to the roof of the grotto, and then went out, leaving them in utter darkness. The lady seized his hand, and they ascended quickly. Once more Halbert stood in the glen; the Book was in his hand, and as he looked at the figure of the White Lady it became dimmer and dimmer. Halbert called to her, but she slowly shook her head and disappeared. Full of wonder he returned homewards, carrying the Black Book with him.

When he came to the Tower he found it full of company. Mr. Happer, the miller, or as he was often called, Hob Miller, had come with his pretty daughter Mysie to spend the day. Besides these two, there was Christie of Clinthill, who had brought with him a young English knight, Sir Piercie Shafton. This gentleman, who was very splendidly dressed, was a most affected, fantastic person, and his oddities astonished the quiet people of Glendearg, who had never seen any one like him before. He was in the habit of making speeches full of the very longest words that could be invented; this

being greatly the fashion amongst the young men of the court of Queen Elizabeth, to which Sir Piercie belonged. Seeing Mary Avenel was the only *lady* present, he chose to talk to her only, leaving the miller's daughter to listen if she liked, but not giving her any of his attention. Mary Avenel was of course polite to the English knight, but she thought him extremely tiresome, and could scarcely help laughing at his absurd talk ; but Mysie Happer admired him very much, and considered him quite the handsomest and cleverest gentleman she had ever seen.

Sir Piercie was in the midst of one of his fine speeches, when Halbert Glendinning entered the room. He bowed to all the visitors, and bade them welcome, and was of course very courteous to Sir Piercie Shafton, as a stranger, though he at once took a secret dislike to the knight's foolishly fine dress and ridiculous conversation. Halbert did not speak much during supper, as he was thinking over his wonderful adventure in the glen ; so Sir Piercie's tongue went chattering on until he fairly tired out everybody. Very soon the party broke up, and all was rest and quietness in the Tower of Glendearg.

Sir Piercie Shafton stayed several days at the

Tower, and his affectation and conceit became so disagreeable to Halbert that the two young men were constantly quarrelling. At last Halbert challenged the knight to fight a duel. Sir Piercie scornfully replied, he only used *his* sword against gentlemen—not against people below him in station. This put Halbert in a terrible rage; and he rushed off to the Fairies' Well, hoping the White Woman, who seemed to be his friend, would help him in some way to revenge himself on the insolent knight. The figure came at his call, and seemed to listen to his angry complaints. She raised her hand to her head, and undid from her locks a silver bodkin round which they were twisted. She held this out to Halbert, saying—

“When Piercie Shafton boasteth high
 Let this token meet his eye.
 The sun is westering from the dell,
 Thy wish is granted—fare thee well.”

Then, shaking her loose hair till it fell like a veil around her, she melted into air, and Halbert saw her no more.

On his arrival at home Halbert found Abbot Boniface and several monks had done his mother the honour of a visit, and were then conversing

with Sir Piercie Shafton. Halbert bowed respectfully to the holy fathers, and avoided taking any notice of his enemy. Sir Piercie was splendidly dressed in honour of the Lord Abbot's visit. He wore a bright pink velvet coat, trimmed and puffed out with cloth of silver; his hat was laced and bound with gold, and around his neck was the golden collar of knighthood, set with precious stones. The Abbot, who was getting very tired of the chatter of the Knight, turned away from him, and spoke kindly to young Glendinning, and offered him a place as ranger of the woods, to shoot deer for the table of the Monastery; for which service he would be well paid. Halbert, though very much obliged, said he must refuse the Lord Abbot's kind offer, as he wished to lead a soldier's life. The Abbot, surprised and rather offended, asked Sir Piercie what he thought of such conduct. The knight, with a grimace and shrug of the shoulders, said scornfully, "To judge him by his birth and breeding—seldom does a good hawk come out of a kite's egg."

"Thou art thyself a kite," was the furious answer of Halbert Glendinning, and pulling out the bodkin, held it up in Sir Piercie Shafton's face.

Never was a man in such a sudden and violent passion as Sir Piercie. He started up, shaking with rage, and clenching his fist at Halbert, rushed out of the room, leaving every one, even Halbert himself, in a state of amazement. Halbert would not say a word to the monks about the White Woman, knowing they would not believe him ; besides he was quite ignorant how the bodkin could have enraged Sir Piercie so very much.

In a few minutes the knight came back, quiet, and pretending to the monks he had been taken suddenly ill ; but he said in a low voice to Halbert, he would fight with him *now*, and kill him too. The Abbot and his monks soon after returned to their monastery, and the young men then agreed to meet very early the next morning, and fight with swords till one fell.

It was scarcely daylight when the two young men left the Tower the next morning. Halbert, who knew the glen best, led the way to the Fairies' Well, as that was a very quiet place, and not likely to be disturbed by any one passing by. But no sooner had they arrived than they saw a grave already dug, and a mattock and shovel lying close beside it. They looked

at each other in astonishment. Halbert felt quite sure it was the White Woman's work, but said nothing ; and then the fight began. The bright swords flashed in the rising sun as they struck and struck again at each other, and at last Halbert's sword went into Sir Piercie's breast, and he fell bleeding on the grass. His face turned white, his eyes closed—he stretched out his limbs, and seemed about to die.

Halbert was shocked and sorry, and knelt down by Sir Piercie, trying to stop the blood ; but the wounded knight groaned—said he was dying—and bade Halbert fly and save himself. Halbert in despair rushed up the glen, calling for help ; but in that lonely place no help was near, and it was some time before he met any one. At last he spied an old man coming towards him, and Halbert eagerly entreated the stranger to come back with him to the Fairies' Well, as a man lay dying there. The old man, who had a grave kind face, at once consented ; but he could not walk very quickly, and Halbert's dread was great lest the knight should be dead before they arrived.

What was their surprise to find the grave filled up and smoothly covered with turf—no appearance of Sir Piercie Shafton—only part

of his dress, and a few spots of blood on the ground.

The stranger angrily declared Halbert had deceived him with a false tale. Halbert in vain assured him his tale was true, and that, wherever Sir Piercie's body was now, it had been lying on the ground but a few minutes before. Of course Halbert believed that the knight's body had been buried by the White Lady; but he did not choose to say so to the old man, who would not have believed a word of such a wild unlikely story. Halbert was now in terrible distress, not only from grief at the idea of having killed a man who had never done him any real harm, but also from fear of the consequences; and seeing the stranger look at him with pity, asked him what he had better do.

"Who is this man?" said the stranger, or how is it possible he could have been either removed or buried as thou seemest to believe?"

"His name," said Halbert, "is Piercie Shafton. There, on that very spot, I left him bleeding; and what power has conveyed him hence I know no more than thou dost."

"Piercie Shafton!" said the stranger, "a relation, it is said, of the great Piercie of Northumberland! Come with me, youth, and save

thyself! Guide me to the Castle of Avenel, and thy reward shall be thy protection and safety."

Halbert considered, and made up his mind to follow the stranger's advice, for he was perfectly sure that were he to return home guilty of the death of Sir Piercie Shafton, the Abbot of St. Mary's, whose power was great, would have him put to death as a murderer; so, with a miserable heart he undertook to guide his new friend to Avenel Castle, whither the stranger had been trying to find his way when Halbert met him. On their road the old man, whose name was Henry Warden, tried his best to comfort Halbert, who, after all, could not help hoping Sir Piercie was not dead; and when they arrived at Avenel Castle they met Christie of Clinthill, who in his rough way welcomed them both, and brought them into the presence of his master the Baron.

Julian Avenel, a dark stern-looking man, took but little notice of Henry Warden, but being pleased with Halbert's handsome face and tall figure, told him gruffly, that as he had chosen to come to Avenel Castle, he should stay there—learn all soldier's exercises, and become one of his followers. Halbert answered, he did not

wish to stay in that part of the country, but to go on at once to Edinburgh. The fierce Baron, astonished that any one should dare to contradict him, instantly commanded his servants to seize Halbert and carry him to a room in which there was only one small window, looking out on a deep lake. There Halbert Glendinning was locked up and left.

The young man, however, was not so easily to be kept prisoner. The window was certainly small ; but by struggling and twisting, he at last managed to get through, and boldly let himself drop into the water. Head foremost, he went deeply below the surface, but rose like a cork, and swam with all his might to the opposite shore. He arrived there safe, full of joy at his escape, and bidding good-bye to Avenel Castle, and to his home, he set off northward. In a few days he reached Edinburgh, and took service in the army, at that time commanded by the Earl of Murray.

All that day the people of the Tower of Glendearg waited in vain for the return of Halbert and Sir Piercie Shafton. Mysie Happer went up the glen several times, hoping to see the white feather which adorned the cap of the knight — but no white feather came. Tibb

Tacket sent a little boy to look, who, after scampering about and staying out as long as he possibly could, came back with the news, that he had seen nobody.

Towards evening, Martin, the shepherd, brought news of something like a fight having taken place. Mary Avenel screamed and fainted. Elspeth and Tibb began to cry—Father Eustace, who happened to be there, looked very grave, and consulted with Edward what they should do ; and all eagerly gathered round the young Lady of Avenel, trying to restore her to her senses. They were so busy with her, that they did not perceive another person who entered, knelt down by the young lady, and held to her nostrils a small silver box of aromatic vinegar.

Who was it? Sir Piercie Shafton himself. Looking perhaps rather pale, but talking in his usual fantastic manner ; entreating the fair lady to revive, and behaving as if nothing particular had happened since they had had the pleasure of seeing him last.

Mary Avenel opened her eyes, and, fixing them on Sir Piercie, screamed, "Secure the murderer!" The knight, amazed, assured her he was no murderer, and was about to leave the room, offended, when Father Eustace, stopping

him, said very solemnly, "Where, and at what time, did you part from Halbert Glendinning?" The knight answered, "I parted from the villagio whom you call Halbert Glendinning, some hour or twain after sunrise." "But," said the monk, "that youth has not yet since been heard of, and it will fall on you to account for him."

"My bairn! my bairn!" screamed Dame Glendinning, weeping. "Yes, holy father, make the villain account for my bairn;" and so saying, she and Tibb Tacket rushed upon the knight, and would have severely hurt him, had not the Sub-Prior and Mysie Happer helped to defend him. Edward Glendinning now entered the room, sword in hand. "Keep the door," he said: "Shoot him, or stab him without mercy, should he attempt to break forth; if he offers an escape he shall die."

Sir Piercie Shafton, seeing they were all, except Father Eustace, too furious to listen to him, begged the monk to come to another room with him. He then described to Eustace, how Halbert and he had fought in the glen, and how he had received a severe wound. "How were that possible, Sir Piercie," said the monk, "since I see no wound?" "See here," said the knight, undoing his collar, and opening his

shirt. There was the mark where Halbert's sword had passed ; but the place was perfectly healed.

"Do you take me for a child or an idiot," said the monk, very angrily, "to pretend *that* to be a fresh wound, which hath been healed for weeks or months?" The knight replied, he could not account for the wonderful cure of his wound, but perhaps the Sub-Prior of St. Mary's—famous for wisdom—might be able to explain the mystery. He then said he had fallen into a swoon from loss of blood, when Halbert left him ; and when he awoke, as it were from a sound sleep, he found himself lying, wrapped in his cloak, at the foot of a birch-tree. He felt his limbs—they were all right ; he touched his wound—that was healed. He got up, and walked straight to the Tower of Glendearg ; and that was the whole day's story. As to the open grave, which became so strangely closed, Sir Piercie vowed he knew nothing about it, unless, "Halbert the villagio" had chosen to kill and bury himself ; which, perhaps, was not *very* likely. Sir Piercie Shafton wound up his story by complaining that really, first one thing, then another, had made his life so uncomfortable in Scotland—for instance, a mere peasant had first

insulted, and then wounded him—*him*, indeed, a cousin of the Duke of Northumberland; then a fairy, or a ghost, or something of the kind, had meddled with him in the glen; then a lady had called him a “murderer;” and he was not going to put up with all these affronts, but should leave that horrid place immediately, and go to Edinburgh.

But when Edward Glendinning heard all this, he declared that Sir Piercie should be kept strictly a prisoner there, until some *true* account should be brought of Halbert. Elspeth sat with her apron over her head, weeping and sobbing for her lost bairn, and believing that Sir Piercie had killed Halbert, and invented the fairy tale to deceive them all. Father Eustace scarcely knew what to think, remembering his own adventures in the glen; but he thought Edward right in keeping Sir Piercie for a time; so the poor knight was locked up, and Edward, fully armed, kept guard, walking up and down outside of the door of the room.

Now Mysie Happer—the Maid of the Mill—thought Sir Piercie Shafton far too handsome and delightful to be treated in this manner, and she determined to help him to escape. Her room was next to his; so, very early in the

morning, when it was still quite dark, she opened the door between the rooms, taking a lamp in her hand, and approaching the sleeping knight, roused him quietly, and made signs for him to rise.

He sprang up, and she whispered to him to put such few things together as were necessary for a journey, and, above all things, *not to speak a word*. This last order was most painful to Sir Piercie, whose greatest happiness was listening to the sound of his own voice ; and, though Mysie begged him to make haste, he began coolly counting his many smart dresses, and wondering which he had better take with him. Mysie at last lost all patience, and told him in an angry whisper she would leave him, unless he came away instantly; and in perfect silence. The knight, eager to escape, now promised to be obedient, and, hastily making up a small bundle, declared he was ready. Mysie put out the light, and calling to Edward—who was still pacing up and down—told him she had been shut up by mistake in Sir Piercie's room, and must be let out that instant. Edward unfastened the door, and Mysie stepped out, closely followed by Sir Piercie, unseen in the darkness. They went softly down stairs, carefully stopping

their laughter, as they heard Edward bolt and bar the now empty room.

Silently the maiden and the knight went towards the stables to fetch Sir Piercie's horse. It was now near daylight, and the noise of the horse's hoofs, as he was led out saddled and bridled, made Edward look out from the window above. He gave a shout of fury and surprise, and, seizing a cross-bow, let fly an arrow that whistled close to Mysie's cheek.

"To horse! to horse!" cried the maiden, and mounted at once behind the knight, who was already in the saddle. "Spur, spur! Sir Knight! The next will not miss us. Had it been Halbert who bent that bow instead of Edward, we had been dead."

The knight pressed his horse to a rushing gallop, and the gallant steed, though doubly loaded, carried them bravely on till they came to the well-known ford, within sight of the monastery of St. Mary's.

Sir Piercie then perceived that Mysie Happer was crying bitterly, and he kindly asked her what was the matter. She answered by pointing to the mill, her father's house. The knight offered to ride up and leave her there, but Mysie wept more, and said she dared not go

home, for her father would punish her severely for helping Sir Piercie to escape, as he had been imprisoned with the consent of the Sub-Prior; and the miller was dreadfully afraid of offending the monks of St. Mary's, and losing their custom for bread.

Sir Piercie, hearing that, said "the fair Mysinda," as he affectedly called her, should go on with him; and very soon they left the Monastery far behind, and arrived at a small inn, where they dismounted for rest and refreshment. Mysie here bade the knight good-bye, saying he was now quite able to find his way to Edinburgh alone. Sir Piercie was very sorry to lose her, but it could not be helped; so after dining by himself he mounted his horse and went on his way, feeling extremely dull and lonely without "the fair Mysinda." He had not gone far when he spied a boy mounted on a little grey Scottish nag coming along a path behind some trees, and hastening to meet him. The boy said he was going to Edinburgh to seek service with some nobleman. Sir Piercie, hearing the voice, looked sharply into the boy's very pretty face, and discovered at once it was Mysie Happer. Both laughed and agreed to go on to Edinburgh together, and that Mysie

should attend the knight as his page. They did not get very far on their journey, as you will hear.

All this time the people of Glendearg had been in a state of alarm and confusion. Father Eustace remained at the Tower a few days, comforting Elspeth and giving advice. Christie of Clinthill had come galloping down to the house, bringing the good news that Halbert, instead of being murdered, was alive and well—had escaped from the Castle of Avenel and gone northward. Poor Dame Glendinning was indeed grateful for such news of her “bairn ;” and now she did not care about Sir Piercie’s escape, but was very glad to have god rid so easily of that troublesome fantastic person. But Father Eustace said gravely, that the knight and Mysie Happer must be brought back directly, and sent Christie of Clinthill after them. They were found half-way to Edinburgh, and brought back to Glendearg : Sir Piercie was received and lodged at the Monastery, and Mysie sent to her father’s house, where the miller gave her the scolding she expected.

Now you must hear what became of Halbert Glendinning. The great Earl of Murray, the most powerful nobleman in Scotland, was at

this time commanding the Scottish army, and trying to protect the country from the attacks of the English. When young Glendinning arrived in Edinburgh, being the son of a faithful servant of the Scottish Crown, he presented himself at once to the Earl, and offered his services as soldier in the Queen's army. The Earl, much pleased at his manly handsome appearance, asked him why he had left his home. Halbert confessed his fight with Sir Piercie Shafton, who he now feared was dead ; and Murray answered he hoped the news was true, for if still alive the knight was likely to bring great trouble to Scotland.

The Earl then explained to Halbert that Sir Piercie Shafton was in disgrace with Queen Elizabeth of England, and had fled from her court ; and that if the haughty Queen heard of his being sheltered in Scotland, mischief would come of it, and perhaps war break out afresh. Murray then commanded Halbert to remain with the army, saying, he hoped to see him as brave and faithful a soldier as his father had been.

Before many weeks had passed, fearful news came to the great chief of Scotland's army. The Queen of England, hearing of the rebel

Shafton's escape to Scotland, and of the shelter and protection given him by Abbot Boniface of St. Mary's, had sent a party of English soldiers to demand the knight to be given up. This had been stoutly refused by the Abbot and his monks, who had also sent for help to the Castle of Avenel. Julian Avenel at the head of his men had marched out at once to the assistance of the fathers—not that they cared much what became of poor Sir Piercie, but to show that they did not choose to give *any one* up at the bidding of an English Queen. News also came that poor Abbot Boniface, finding all was too much for him to manage, had made Father Eustace Abbot in his stead, and that the new Abbot was even less likely than Boniface to give Sir Piercie up.

The Earl of Murray sent for his new follower Glendinning, who knew that part of the country best, and ordered him to take a body of horsemen to join the soldiers of Julian Avenel. There was no time to be lost, so Halbert hurried off, taking with him a message from the Earl that he would come on as soon as he could with more soldiers.

But in spite of their haste they were too late. Before they could reach Glendearg they met wounded men coming with feeble steps from the

field of battle. Some were lying down to die by the road-side.

Halbert shouted to some as he rode past, asking which side had won ; but they were too faint and worn to answer him, so he galloped on, eager to know, above all, the fate of his brother Edward, who was sure to have been in the fight.

When at last they reached Glendearg, a terrible sight was before them. Heaps of dead and dying men lay strewn about the field, which was red with their blood. Some were groaning, and begging for water to quench their burning thirst—others praying to die and be out of their pain—some few still fighting.

The English had gained the victory that day, and most of them had left the field in pursuit of the flying Scots ; Halbert thought it best to wait there for the coming of the Earl of Murray. He looked everywhere for some trace of his brother Edward, but could see nothing of him. He noticed the dead body of a knight in bright armour, with the holly branch—the crest of Avenel—in his helmet. A woman with a child in her arms was bending over the body and weeping bitterly. Halbert dismounted, and stooping down, gently removed the vizor

from the soldier's face. He had seen that face once before, in the hall of Avenel Castle; but those white still lips could no longer give stern orders, and cheer soldiers to fight; for the Baron Julian Avenel lay dead before his unhappy wife Catherine, who with tears and groans besought Halbert to rouse her husband, and make him speak to her. "Alas, he is gone!" said Halbert. "Oh! no, no," said the sobbing wife. "He is *not* dead—he is but in a swoon." Then she raised her head and called aloud—"Christie of Clinthill, Rowley, Hutcheon, help me to wake him! Ye were constantly at his feasts, and left him like false villains in time of danger!"

"Not I," said a dying man near, raising himself slowly, "I fled not a foot; and a man can but fight while his breath lasts—mine is going fast;" and with a groan, Christie of Clinthill fell back and died.

Halbert was so shocked at this awful scene, he forgot for a moment all his duties, and remained standing, looking mournfully at the dead around him. The trampling of many horses roused him, and looking up he saw a party of English soldiers, commanded by a grey-headed English Captain. "Throw down thy

sword, and yield thee!" cried the Englishman. "Not so," shouted Halbert, drawing his sword. The Englishman jumped from his horse, and the two rushing at each other commenced a furious fight. In a few minutes one of them would have been killed or wounded, and the Englishman's sword had been already knocked out of his hand, when a fresh party of "Southrons" galloped up. Their chief, Sir John Foster, called to the two to stop fighting. "Take up thy sword, old Stawarth Bolton," said he; "and thou, young man, who art thou?" "A follower of the Earl of Murray," replied Glendinning; "but here he comes himself—I see his horsemen over the hills." So saying, he rode forward to meet the Earl;—and thus it had come to pass that Halbert Glendinning fought with the Southron, Stawarth Bolton, as he had promised to do when a little child.

The story is nearly done. The Earl of Murray, finding Julian Avenel dead, inquired to whom the castle and lands belonged, and hearing that Mary Avenel was the rightful possessor, asked if she had a husband to protect her and her property. Halbert Glendinning, who had loved Mary very much all his life, begged permission to marry the young Lady of Avenel;

and as she was not unwilling, the earl gave his consent. In a few days the marriage took place, and Halbert and his wife took possession of Avenel Castle, to the immense joy of Dame Glendinning, and the faithful Tibb Tacket, who of course accompanied her young mistress.

Poor Sir Piercie Shafton, who had been the cause of the fight at Glendearg, was brought before the Earl of Murray, who ordered him at once to leave Scotland, as his remaining there would only bring on fresh disputes. Sir Piercie, much offended at being sent off, refused to go, and actually challenged the Earl of Murray to fight a duel. The earl laughed at his folly and impertinence, and advised him to fight with men of his own degree. The angry knight began to boast as usual of being cousin to Piercie, Duke of Northumberland, when old Stawarth Bolton, who was standing by, called out that though Sir Piercie's father might have been a sort of cousin to the Duke of Northumberland, his mother was a tailor's daughter—not of noble descent.

Everybody shouted with laughter, especially Halbert, who now discovered why a *bodkin* shewn to Sir Piercie had put him into such an

extraordinary passion. When they had all done laughing, the Earl of Murray said it would be really too unkind to send the unlucky knight back to England, where he might possibly lose his foolish head ; so it was settled he should be put on board a vessel bound for Flanders. To this Sir Piercie consented, and soon after went on his voyage, taking Mysie Happer with him as his wife : and we will hope that Sir Piercie and Lady Shafton led a long and happy life.


Edward Glendinning became a monk, living in happy friendship with Abbot Eustace. On the day of his brother's marriage he walked up the glen to the Fairies' Well, hoping to see the White Lady. There she was indeed, singing and weeping. Her song was of the marriage, but it was a melancholy rhyme. Edward did not speak to her, but returned slowly to his beloved Monastery, wondering much whether, after all, the marriage of Halbert and Mary would be happy.

For such a Queen—the Stuarts' heir,
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair—
Who would not every foe defy ?
Who would not stand ? who would not die ?
Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung ;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
When the gale heaved her bosom's screen
What beauties in her form were seen !
And when her courser's mane it swung
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair on Scotland's plain
A Scot shall never see again.

Queen's Wake.



THE ABBOT.

HE Lady of Avenel and her husband, Sir Halbert Glendinning, would have been perfectly happy in their Castle of Avenel, had it not been for the miserable state of Scotland. The Knight of Avenel, as Halbert was generally called, remained a constant follower of the Earl of Murray, who now unfortunately was at the head of a party against Queen Mary. Many of the Scotch nobles had joined Murray ; declaring that the Queen was unfit to reign, and that the Earl should be Regent—that is, should take care of the kingdom until Prince James, Mary's young son, came of age. Others of the Scottish nobles took the Queen's part—refused obedience to the Regent, and fought many desperate battles with his followers. Sir Halbert Glendinning

was constantly away from home, taking his part in these disturbances, and during his absence the Lady of Avenel, having no children, passed rather a dull life.

One lovely summer evening the Lady was walking about on the battlements of the castle, closely and lovingly followed by a large rough hound—"Wolf"—her husband's pet, as well as her own. There was a pretty lake close under the castle-walls, and as the Lady looked down, she saw a merry group of village children playing by the water, sailing little boats. There was one boat that sailed much better than the others, and the children shouted and clapped their hands, as the tiny sails spread, and the little boat went quicker and quicker over the shining water, before the summer breeze.

The kind lady watched them, and smiled to see them so happy ; and Wolf stood beside her, seeming to watch them too. He looked up at his mistress, and licked her hands, and pushed his great rough head close to her to be stroked and petted. The Lady had just stooped to pat him again, when a loud cry from the children made her start and look round. The little boat which had sailed so famously had got entangled in a group of water-lilies, and a brave little boy

had jumped into the water after it. He swam so well that nobody was afraid for him : he reached the boat, and pulled it from among the lilies ; but as he came back he gave a sudden cry of pain, as if something had struck him, and then struggled weakly in the water trying to keep himself afloat.

Wolf, the hound, saw it all, and rushing from the Lady's side, found his way in a minute to the edge of the lake. He dashed in, and seizing the child's dress, so as to keep his head above water, drew him safely to land. The Lady sent out her servants to bring the child to the castle, where he was carefully laid on a bed, his wet clothes taken off, and everything done to restore him. At first he looked so white and still, they thought he was dead. He seemed about ten years old ; and though shabbily dressed, his face was noble and beautiful. The Lady stood and watched him anxiously. At last colour came to his cheeks—he opened his eyes—looked steadfastly at the Lady, and stretching out his arms, said "Mother !" She threw her arms round him, and kissed him, and the little fellow, who had only half recovered his senses, smiled at her and lay quite still.

Wolf, who had been standing by the bed all this time wet and dripping, now began to whine, and paw the Lady's dress for notice. "Good Wolf," said she, "you shall be rewarded for what you have done to-day." But Wolf was not satisfied : he wished his mistress to attend only to him, and was jealous of the petting she gave to the strange boy ; he began to jump on her, put his great wet paws on her shoulders, and his shaggy wet head close to her face to lick it ; and became so troublesome, that she ordered him to go out of the room. Wolf always obeyed her voice, but showed his rage, by glaring savagely at the boy on the bed ; and drawing up his hairy lips with a snarl, exhibited such a row of terrible white teeth, that as he turned to go, he looked more like a real wolf than Wolf the pet.

The little boy soon fell into a quiet sleep, and the Lady's maid Liliás brought a message saying that a woman was at the gate of the castle asking for her child. The Lady ordered her to be brought in, and presently a tall proud-looking old woman made her appearance, and stood before the Lady without speaking. The Lady asked her name : "Magdalen Græme is my name," was the gruff reply ; "I am grand-

mother to the boy Roland Græme, whose life has just been saved."

The Lady then told the old woman she would take the boy into her service as page, and in that manner would feed, clothe, and provide for him till he became a man. Magdalen gave her consent to this, but her manner was neither grateful nor respectful; and when the Lady offered her two pieces of gold, she refused them, and flung them angrily down on the table. Bidding the Lady of Avenel farewell, she said, "When I come again, I will demand of you a strict account, for I have left with you the jewel of my life, Roland Græme."

Magdalen left the village that night, and for many years did not come near Avenel Castle.

Little Roland Græme became a great favourite with the Lady of Avenel, who taught him to read and write—played with him, and treated him so very kindly that perhaps she rather spoiled him.

Roland was no great favourite with the servants of the castle. The Lady's indulgence made him pert and forward, and he was often so impudent to Liliasthat she threatened to flog him; but when this seemed likely to happen, the boy would fly to his mistress for

protection, and stay beside her till Liliás had forgotten him.

Summer passed—autumn came—autumn changed into winter, and still Sir Halbert Glendinning did not return.

At last, one fine winter's day, a bugle-note was heard and joyfully answered by the warder, who saw his beloved master, Sir Halbert Glendinning, coming, mounted on his brown horse, and followed by a goodly troop of soldiers. The holly-branch of Avenel was in the Knight's steel cap, and all his followers wore the same. Little Roland shouted with delight as he watched the gallant horsemen approaching, and heard the trampling of their steeds on the drawbridge.

The Lady told him to go away to Liliás' room, as she wished to receive her husband alone.

"I will not go with Liliás, madam—I will stay and see that brave warrior who comes riding so gallantly along the drawbridge."

"You must not stay, Roland," said the Lady. "*I will*," answered the forward boy. "You are saucy, sir," said the Lady angrily; "Liliás, take him away instantly." Liliás took Roland by the arm, and led him off frowning and pout-

ing, and the two had scarcely left the room, when Sir Halbert Glendinning entered. He threw his arms round his wife's neck, and both were so delighted to meet again, that Roland the page was quite forgotten, until Sir Halbert happened to ask where his favourite, Wolf, was. "I have not seen him," said the Knight, "since my return, and he was usually the first to welcome my home-coming."

"Wolf," said the Lady, "is chained up for the présent ; he has been surly to my page."

"Wolf chained up !" exclaimed Sir Halbert, "Wolf surly to your page ! Wolf never was surly to any one ; and the chain will either break his spirit or make him savage. So ho, there !—let Wolf free directly !"

He was obeyed, and the huge dog rushed into the hall, upsetting everything in his frantic delight at being free, and seeing his master again. Some of the maids' work, and their reels and cottons, were so scattered about by Wolf's gambols, that Liliass, who was called to put them in order, muttered, "The master's pet was as troublesome as the Lady's page."

"And who is this page, Mary ?" said the Knight. "He is but a little orphan, whom we saved from the lake," answered the Lady ;

"Lilias, bring little Roland here." The boy was brought ; but when told to go and kiss the Knight's hand, the disobedient child refused ; and Sir Halbert, much displeased, took no more notice of him. "Is he not a handsome boy ?" said the Lady, half afraid that Roland's rudeness had seriously offended her husband.

"So is Wolf a handsome dog," said Sir Halbert, "and with this advantage, he does what he is commanded ;" and the Knight patted his huge fourfooted friend with greater affection than ever.

The Lady of Avenel was vexed that her husband did not like Roland. But instead of correcting the boy, and making him obedient and respectful, she continued to pet and spoil him, until all the servants as well as the master disliked him. Sir Halbert took very little notice of him, and Roland generally contrived to keep out of his way ; but Lilias the maid, Wingate the old steward, Adam Woodcock the falconer, and many others, all joined in declaring there was no such troublesome, disagreeable a youth in the country, as Roland Græme.

In this way things went on till Roland was about seventeen. It chanced one summer morning that he went to the mews, where Sir Hal-

bert kept his hawks. A few days before Roland had cleverly scrambled up a steep and dangerous cliff, and captured a beautiful young hawk, which he placed carefully on a perch in the mews. This day, coming to see the bird, he found that the falconer's boy had given it some meat of which Roland did not quite approve. Instead of speaking civilly, he turned round on the lad and struck him sharply. The boy cried out perhaps a little louder than was necessary, and Adam Woodcock, the falconer, immediately hurried up, and asked Roland what he meant by daring to strike the boy. "I will beat him and you too," said Roland, "if ye look not better after your business:" and he actually gave the old falconer such a box on the ear that he tumbled backwards into a water-butt standing near. Adam jumped up again in a rage, and seizing a stick, rushed upon the page. Roland instantly drew his dagger, and vowed he would stab the falconer to the heart, if he touched him. The noise was now so great that many of the household came into the mews; and amongst them Wingate, the steward—a grave and important person, and general overlooker of the servants and the house. He reproved Roland severely for his conduct, and said it should

certainly be reported to the Lady of the castle, Sir Halbert just then being away from home.

"Very just—very right, Master Wingate," said many voices; and Roland, finding they were all against him, sullenly walked off and went to his own room.

The servants remained talking together. Adam Woodcock said, "This will be no tree for my nest if this cock-sparrow is to crow over us as he seems to do." "He struck me with his switch yesterday," said a groom, "because the tail of his worship's horse was not trimmed altogether as suited his honour." "And," said the laundress, "my young master thinks fit to call an honest woman a slut, if there be but a speck of soot on his collar."

In fact they all agreed there would be no living in the house with Roland Græme, unless Master Wingate kept his promise of speaking to the Lady.

Master Wingate *did* keep his promise; and the Lady sent for Roland. She told him that such rude and violent behaviour could never be allowed. Roland's answers, even to his kind mistress, were so insolent, that the Lady commanded him to leave the castle at once, and never come into her presence again. Then the

page was sorry, remembering all the indulgence and kindness he had received year after year from the Lady's hands. He knelt at her feet to beg forgiveness, but his mistress, though grieved to part with her favourite page in such a manner, could not bid him stay ; and Roland Græme left the Castle of Avenel in disgrace, and wandered forth to seek his fortune as he could.

He walked many miles that unhappy day, and towards evening approached an old ruined building which once had been a chapel of St. Cuthbert. There was a broken cross of finely carved stone lying on the grass near the ruined door, and Roland, seeing it had once been straight and beautiful, raised some of the pieces and tried to set them up in proper form. While busy with this, a voice said close to him, " Well done, child of my love ! " He looked up with surprise, and saw his grandmother, Magdalen Græme. The old woman was overjoyed to see her boy, but asked him how it was she found him in that lonely place, so far from Avenel Castle. Roland told her he had been sent away in disgrace ; but when Magdalen began to blame the Lady of Avenel he stopped her, saying he could not allow a word to be spoken against

one whose kindness to him had been so constant and so great. Roland really loved the Lady of Avenel, and was in his heart truly grieved at having left her in disgrace.

Magdalen then told her grandson she had much for him to do, but could not tell him then all her plans. The two then left the ruined chapel, and after a long walk arrived at a small village not far from the Monastery of St. Mary's. Going up to a large old house, Magdalen knocked, and the door was opened by an old woman, a friend of Magdalen's. She bade them welcome, and after a little conversation, Magdalen said, "Bridget, where is thy daughter Catherine?" "In the parlour," was the answer; and bidding them follow her, the old woman led the way to a small room where a young lady sat at work. Roland looked with admiration at her beautiful face and graceful manner, as she bowed both to his grandmother and himself. Magdalen told him to stay there, while she and her friend walked up and down a balcony outside the room, talking very earnestly on some unknown subject.

Directly the two old women had gone, Catherine looked rather curiously at Roland, and burst into a fit of laughter. Roland felt rather

cross, as well as surprised, for he fancied she was laughing at him ; but the crosser he looked, the more Catherine laughed. At last she tried to stop, and begged his pardon, but explained that to see him sit there, not knowing what to say, while the tongues of the two old women outside were going so fast, was so very amusing, she could not help laughing. Roland now laughed too, and began to talk merrily with his beautiful and charming new friend. Catherine asked his name, and Roland said he had been introduced to the Lady of Avenel by a large black dog—Wolf by name—who brought him one day in his mouth like a hurt wild-duck, and presented him to the Lady. Then Roland inquired Catherine's name, and she told him it was Catherine Seyton.

They had not much more time for talking, as Magdalen and her friend came in, and soon after supper was brought in. The food was very plain, and there was only water to drink, all of which Roland disliked extremely, having grown very dainty with the good living he had been accustomed to at Avenel Castle. After supper all retired to rest, and the small hard bed was also very displeasing to my Lady's page.

The next morning Magdalen and Roland

visited the Monastery of St. Mary's. Sad changes had taken place there, and the once stately and beautiful building looked shabby, half-ruined, and neglected ; for in those terrible times, almost all convents and monasteries were destroyed, and the monks driven out. Very few of the brethren were now left at St. Mary's ; and just now they were in great grief, for Abbot Eustace was dead.

Magdalen Græme went up and knocked at the gate, which was opened by a monk, who sorrowfully shook his head, and told her they were going that day to elect a new Abbot—Father Ambrose, the friend and pupil of the good Abbot Eustace.

Roland knew Father Ambrose quite well. Before he became a monk his name had been Edward Glendinning, and he was brother to the Knight of Avenel. Both Magdalen and her grandson wished to see the ceremony of the new Abbot's election ; and until all was ready they waited, and walked to the burial-ground of the Monastery, and there saw the stones over the graves of many of the monks whom Magdalen had once known. On one was written the name of Father Philip, the Sacristan, who was dipped in the stream by the White

Lady ; on another, the beloved name of Abbot Eustace.

The name of old Abbot Boniface was not there ; and before the story is over you will hear of him again.

Magdalen and Roland then went into the Monastery to see the election of Father Ambrose. The new Abbot stood on the broken steps of the altar with a staff in his hand, and the few monks of St. Mary's who yet remained to do him homage, bowed before him, and sang the accustomed hymn. But all was done in haste and trembling, for in these wild times the very sound of a hymn, heard from within the walls of a monastery, was enough to attract any band of soldiers who happened to be passing in search of plunder ; and then, woe betide the helpless monks !

Before the hymn was finished, the trampling of horses was heard, but this time it was no enemy who approached. Sir Halbert Glendinning and a train of mounted followers asked admittance, and nought was to be feared from them.

Sir Halbert soon caught sight of Roland Græme, and asked him with surprise how he came there. Roland replied he had been sent

from Avenel Castle in disgrace, but would say no more. The Knight of Avenel then asked Adam Woodcock, who was in his train, how this had happened; and the good-natured falconer, who had forgiven Roland long ago, made the best story he could for him, assuring Sir Halbert that although the boy had certainly been saucy at times, there was no real harm in anything he had done.

Sir Halbert Glendinning was a kind and just man, and thought it a hard thing that a lad who for the first years of his life had been petted and spoiled, should now be cast off, without friends or money, to find his own living; he therefore offered to engage Roland as his own attendant, and take him with the rest to Edinburgh. Roland was delighted; and Magdalen, though sorry to lose her boy again, gave her full consent, knowing how eagerly Roland desired to see the world. She embraced him as she bade him farewell, and particularly begged him to remember Catherine Seyton, as he was very likely to meet her in Edinburgh. Roland was very glad to hear he should soon see that beautiful young lady again, and mounted his horse in high spirits. Then Sir Halbert bid his brother, Abbot Ambrose, good-bye, and

giving the word of command, the whole train galloped forward, and were soon far on their road to Edinburgh.

When they reached the city, they found it full of strife and confusion. Soldiers of the Regent Murray were roaming the streets, and quarrelling with all those who were on the Queen's side. Swords were drawn, and men were slain every day in the sight of all; and as Roland Græme rode on beside Adam Woodcock, both were shocked at all they saw and heard.

Suddenly Roland caught sight of a young man in the dress of a page, whose face was so exactly like that of Catherine Seyton, that Roland felt sure it was she. He looked hard at the youth, who in an angry tone asked him what he meant by staring like that at a stranger. Roland smiled and said, "I think I have seen you before."

"I have never seen *you* before, Sir Holly-top," was the answer; "I know no more what you mean than does the horse I ride on." "What!" said Roland, "do you remember that Sister Magdalen and Dame Bridget"——

"Sister Magdalen! Dame Bridget!" said the page in a tone of amazement; "your wits have gone astray. Good-bye, Sir Holly-top."

At this moment Adam Woodcock, for want of something better to do, began to sing ; and the stranger, not approving of his song, struck the old falconer across the face with a switch, and then ran away laughing. Roland was sorely puzzled, for in spite of such *very* unlady-like conduct, he still believed the page to be no other than Catherine Seyton herself.

Soon after this Roland was sent by his master to Holyrood Palace, with a message to the great Earl of Murray. The Earl told him to make ready for a journey, as he was going to be appointed to a very important situation. Roland ventured respectfully to ask the name of his new master ; and the Earl informed him he was appointed page to the greatest lady in the land—Mary of Scotland.

"To the *Queen*, my lord ?" said the wondering Roland. "To her who *was* the Queen," answered Murray sternly. "She is no longer Queen ; and I, as Regent, guard the kingdom till her young son James can reign."

The Earl then commanded Roland to follow a small party of noblemen, who were going to the castle of Lochleven, where Mary of Scotland was imprisoned.

He was to remain at Lochleven and serve

Mary as page—he was to watch carefully if she or her ladies made any attempt to leave the castle—and if so, he was to tell all he discovered to the Lady of Lochleven, the mistress of the castle.

Roland listened to all these orders in silence. He dared make no reply to the great Earl, but he secretly thought he would not be one to help in shutting up the Queen of Scotland, of whose misfortunes he had already heard with pity. He resolved to wait until he had seen the Queen, and then make up his mind which side he would take. Luckily for him, the Earl did not ask for any promises, for it never entered the great nobleman's head that a mere boy would dare to disobey his order ; so when he had finished all his directions he told Roland to go.

The page bowed and hastened away. He found a horse ready saddled for him, standing at the porch of the castle. Several noblemen and gentlemen were there already mounted, and looking displeased at having been kept waiting. There were Lord Lindesay, Lord Ruthven, Sir Robert Melville, and a few others, with their attendants.

Roland hastily mounted, and the horses being put to a quick trot they soon left Edinburgh far behind. Keeping at a good pace, they shortly arrived at the lake of Lochleven—a wide smooth

sheet of water, across which they saw a lofty, grim-looking castle standing on an island in the centre of the lake. A boat was there to meet them, and Roland was ordered to get in and go across first with the boatman. He obeyed, and the boat went slowly over the smooth water till they reached the door of the castle.

Here they were received by a tall, handsome, proud-looking old lady—Lady Lochleven—who told the boatman to return as fast as he could, to bring Lord Lindesay and the others; and ordered Roland to follow her. She led the way to a garden where the unhappy Queen of Scotland was walking with her ladies.

The Queen was dressed in deep mourning, and as her tall stately figure drew near, Roland looked at her in wondering admiration, thinking her the most beautiful graceful creature he had ever seen.

Lady Lochleven bowed to the Queen, and Mary, returning her reverence, asked her why she had come. The Lady pointed to Roland, and introduced him as the new page; and the Queen, with a kind look of welcome on her sweet face, told him to follow her and her ladies into the castle, to prepare for receiving the noblemen, who were on their way to Lochleven.

So Roland Græme followed his Royal Mistress up a winding stair, through a hall, into a large room. Here he was told to stay while the Queen and her ladies went into the next room. From the grated window where he stood, Roland saw Lord Lindesay and Lord Ruthven arrive, and the loud harsh voice of Lindesay was heard speaking to Ruthven. At this moment a sound of sobs came from the Queen's apartment, and the page hurried there to see if he could be of any use. He found Queen Mary leaning back in a large chair, weeping and sobbing violently. She had heard the voices of Ruthven and Lindesay, and knew that they—her deadly enemies—had come to persecute her, and perhaps force her to give up her Crown.

Suddenly the Queen ceased weeping, and, standing up to her full height, exclaimed, "My weakness is over, and I am Mary Stuart once more." She snatched the cap from her head, and her thick clustered brown hair fell on her shoulders. She looked proudly round her; and Roland Græme, as he stood gazing with astonishment at the Royal Lady in her great grief and wonderful beauty, made a resolution that, come what might, he was the faithful friend

ceased, the Queen rose and retired to her own room, where she spent the rest of that miserable day.

Roland Græme stood at the window, watching the boat return, laden with Lindesay and his party, across the lake. While leaning sorrowfully against the window-frame he felt a smart tap on his shoulder, and looking round beheld the pretty laughing face of Catherine Seyton. She wore no disguise now, but was richly dressed, as became the daughter of the noble Seyton race and the attendant of the Queen.

Roland was delighted to see her, and reminded her of her page's disguise in Edinburgh. Catherine replied she did not understand what he was talking about; but added, there was no time just then for explanations, as he must help to get supper ready for herself and Lady Fleming, Queen Mary's other attendant.

Four servants now entered, bearing dishes, and followed by George Douglas, grandson of the Lady of Lochleven, and master of the Castle in the absence of his uncle, Sir William Douglas. He was a very solemn-looking man, and spoke to no one, except once, to inquire if the Queen were coming; and hearing from

Lady Fleming that her Majesty would not appear again that night, he bowed to the two ladies and left them.

Roland attended the ladies, having learnt all his duties as ladies' page in Avenel Castle. After supper he presented each lady in turn with a silver basin filled with pure water, in which they rinsed their fingers. Catherine managed to give the water a smart fillip, so as to send some cold drops into the page's face ; but Roland was determined not to laugh, and all Catherine gained by her frolic was a rebuke from Lady Fleming for awkwardness.

After this many dull dreary days passed at Lochleven Castle. The Queen worked and read with her ladies, and walked in the garden. Nobody was allowed to visit her ; nor, of course, was she permitted to leave the island.

One day Roland was allowed, as a great favour, to take a boat and go to a fair at Kinross, a small village close to the Lake of Lochleven. The fair was full of holiday folks, and the noise and bustle were quite a treat to the page after the dulness of the Castle. In the crowd he noticed a young girl dressed in country garments, talking and laughing with the people of the fair. Catching sight of her face, what was

his astonishment to see the blue eyes and rosy cheeks of Catherine Seyton. He ran up to her, seized her hand, and asked her how she could possibly have found her way across the lake unknown to him. The maiden laughed, and pushed him away, and when Roland persisted in following her, she ran away so swiftly that he soon lost her in the streets of Kinross.

He returned in the evening, and found Catherine Seyton quietly seated, working with Lady Fleming, in her usual dress, and looking as if she had not been out all day. Roland felt quite provoked, and determined he would one day make her confess the tricks and disguises she was always playing upon him. He fancied George Douglas must have helped her to go to and fro on the lake so cleverly, and felt very angry with both of them.

One day there was a terrible disturbance at the castle of Lochleven. A scheme had been formed by the Queen's friends of helping her to escape. The Abbot Ambrose of St. Mary's, with some others, had formed a plan to get her out of the Castle. They were helped by George Douglas, who, though master of the Queen's prison, loved her better than any one in the world, and would gladly have died to save her.

But, alas ! their plans were discovered, and the Lady of Lochleven, who hated Queen Mary, was so enraged with her grandson that she ordered him to leave Lochleven instantly, and he obeyed her.

Roland had not been told of the plan, and really knew nothing about it ; so he was allowed to remain, the old Lady little thinking the page was also the Queen's faithful friend, and ready to help her to escape at any moment.

The time went wearily on. The Lady of Lochleven, now that her grandson was gone, took the place that once was his when dinner or supper was served at the Queen's table. The meals were dull and silent, for the Queen and her ladies disliked the gruff mistress of the Castle, and she returned their dislike.

One day the old lady, being out of temper, thought fit to speak of a noble Scottish family as "the murdering Seytons." Catherine coloured and said, "I think, Madam, you forget that I am a Seyton." "If I had forgotten it, fair mistress," was the stern reply, "your forward bearing would have reminded me ;" and rising proudly from the table the Lady left the room.

When she had gone Queen Mary said to

Catherine, "Tell me, darling, how is thy brother Henry; and doth he bear the same wonderful likeness to you he used in former days?"

"I believe, Madam," said Catherine, "there are some *very* simple people yet, who cannot distinguish between my twin brother and myself," and she looked at Roland Græme; "especially," she added, "when, for diversion, my brother hath taken a female dress."

Roland listened as he stood behind the Queen's chair, and felt very glad he at last knew the truth. He liked Catherine so much, he could not bear to think that she—a noble and delicate lady—should be going about the country first in one strange dress, then in another, talking to all sorts of people, and getting into all kinds of foolish scrapes.

When he had an opportunity, he told Catherine how sorry he was for his mistake, and she easily forgave him, for she was too amiable to be really offended with Roland for making a mistake that was constantly being made by others. Roland at this time took courage, and ventured to tell Catherine how very much he loved her, and asked her if one day she would consent to become his wife.

Catherine looked grave at this, and answered

that Lord Seyton and her other noble relations would not be much pleased at her marrying a page ; and advised Roland to think no more of it. Roland said the Queen was so good and kind she would surely persuade Lord Seyton to consent to the marriage. Catherine shook her head, and said Roland had better try to help their beloved Queen out of prison before he talked of what she might do when again in power. From that day Roland's whole thoughts were given to planning Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle.

One evening while they were at supper, and Lady Lochleven with them as usual, Randall, the servant, came in, and delivered to his mistress an enormous bunch of keys, saying, respectfully, that all the gates and doors of the Castle were safely locked for the night. The Lady took the keys, and, supper being over, rose from the table, and bowing to the Queen, went away. Mary then turned to her attendants, and said how happy they might be if they could only get possession of that bunch of keys, but she supposed there were no means of deceiving or bribing "that dragon."

"May I know," said Roland, "whether, if your Grace were beyond the walls of the Castle,

you could find means of conveyance to firm land, and protection when you are there?"

"Trust us for that, Roland," said the Queen, looking hopefully at her young page.

"Then," said Roland, "I think I could be of some use in this matter. My master, the Knight of Avenel, used to compel the youth of his household to learn the use of the axe and hammer, and I gained some practice in it."

"Well," said Mary, "could your skill avail to forge a second bunch of keys?"

"No, Madam ; because I know not the wards. But I am convinced I could make a set so like that hateful bunch, that could they be exchanged against them by any means, the Lady would never dream she was possessed of the wrong."

"And the good dame," said the Queen, "is somewhat blind. But then for a forge, my boy, and the means of labouring unobserved?"

"The armourer's forge," said Roland, "is the round vault at the bottom of the turret: the people are accustomed to see me busy there, and I can easily find some excuse for putting bellows and anvil to work."

Queen Mary and her ladies thought the scheme splendid, and Roland the very next day began to work at the forge.

At first he made a number of small silver ornaments, and things of that sort, which he gave away to the people of the Castle, and as they were well accustomed to his hammering there they soon became tired of watching his work. Whenever he found himself alone he worked at his keys, and soon finished a great bunch. The real keys were old and rusty, so Roland dipped his bunch into salt and water, which made them look as rusty as the others.

When the Queen saw her page's handiwork she was delighted, and praised his cleverness, and promised, on the word of a Queen, he should be well rewarded when the happy time came that she was free. Roland asked if she could quite depend upon her friends outside the Castle. Mary answered by taking him and Lady Fleming into her own room, and told them to look out of a small window across the lake. They saw a light glimmering on the opposite shore. This was the sign agreed on by the Queen's friends, to show they were always on the watch. The Queen told Roland to put a lamp in the window. The instant he did so the light over the lake disappeared; thus they were quite sure her friends were there, ready to help at a moment's notice.

But now the great difficulty was to come. How were the false keys to be exchanged for the real? and how, if they *did* contrive to get out of the Castle, were they to pass the soldier who kept guard outside all night long, walking up and down with a loaded musket?

One day a messenger came to Lady Lochleven, saying that a new servant had been sent by Sir William Douglas. The Lady ordered him to be sent up, and a man in a soldier's dress appeared, and made a low bow to the mistress of the Castle. Roland, who was near, knew him directly. It was the Abbot Ambrose—once Edward Glendinning, and a faithful servant of the Queen. George Douglas—not Sir William—had sent the disguised Abbot to Lochleven, and had taught him all that was necessary to say and do to obtain a place amongst the servants of the Castle.

The Lady, suspecting nothing, received the new servant at once; and, when his turn came, appointed him as sentinel outside the walls. Thus *one* of the great difficulties was conquered.

The same evening, when they knew their friend, the disguised Abbot, was ready to help them, the Lady sat as usual at the Queen's

supper-table, the keys lying close to her hand. Suddenly, Roland, who had the false keys under his cloak, exclaimed, "what very strange lights he could see on the lake." The Lady turned to the window to look; and in a moment Roland pushed the keys under his cloak, and gently laid the false bunch on the table. Clever as he was, he could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the real bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the Lady, sharply turning round; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, she took up the false bunch, and, with her usual haughty looks, bade the Queen and ladies good-night, and stalked out of the room.

Directly she was gone, the page, rubbing his hands, and almost jumping with joy, begged the ladies to prepare at once for their journey, while he went to oil the keys, so as to prevent the creaking of the locks.

That night, at twelve o'clock, when all was quiet, and the Lady fast asleep with Roland's keys beside her pillow, Queen Mary and her faithful ladies, dressed for travelling, went softly down the winding stairs that led to a little wicket-gate. Roland was there, and put the key in the lock. Well oiled as it was, the key

turned without a creak, and the next minute they were in the fresh night air—free!

Abbot Ambrose, in his soldier's dress, came forward and told Roland in a whisper the boat was ready. They hurried onward. Two men came to meet them. One was Henry Seyton, Catherine's brother; the other, George Douglas, who had returned to Lochleven eager to help in the escape of his beloved Queen.

Quickly and silently they entered the boat. Roland stayed behind one minute to lock the gate, and Henry Seyton was in such a hurry to get the Queen away, he ordered the boatmen to row on. But Roland rushed back in time, and jumped into the boat. Then, leaning over the side, he dropped the Castle keys into the lake, and down they sank to the bottom, leaving the Lady of Lochleven, her servants and all, securely locked up in their own Castle.

But all this had not gone on without notice. The splash of the oars roused the sentinel on the Castle tower, and his voice was heard shouting, "A boat! a boat! bring to, or I shoot!" The rowers bent to their oars with all their might, and the boat flew over the water like a bird. "Treason! treason!" shouted the astonished sentinel from the walls, and he

fired straight at the boat. The ladies crouched and clung together at the flash and report of the gun, and Douglas stretched his body before the Queen as the bullets came rattling around them, but happily no one was hit. The great alarm-bell of the Castle now thundered forth, and they could see lights passing from window to window, showing clearly the whole Castle was roused, and their escape discovered. But the ladies were safe. Roland had locked the gate, and no one that night could leave the Castle, or send a boat to catch Queen Mary and her party.

Arriving at the opposite shore, the Queen was conducted to the cottage where the light used to shine. An old man, the owner of the house, came and knelt before her Majesty with words of welcome. The Queen, with many gracious words, bade him arise, and asked him what she could do for him in return for his faithful service. He answered, he wished she would give her horsemen orders to come no more into his garden, trampling his flowers and damaging his fruit-trees. Queen Mary kindly said, she was grieved her soldiers should have so spoiled his garden, but that she hoped there would never again be any occasion for them to

come there : and she offered the old man money to make amends for the mischief.

"I thank your Grace," said he, "but it will not make me the least amends. As for gold, if I had loved it, I might have remained Lord Abbot of St. Mary's, and yet—I know not—for if Abbot Boniface be changed to a poor peasant, his successor, Abbot Ambrose, is changed to a sword and buckler man."

"Ha ! is this, indeed, the Abbot Boniface of whom I have heard ?" said the Queen. "It is I, good Father, who should have bent the knee for your blessing."

"Bend no knee to me, Lady," said he ; "the blessings of an old man, who is no longer an Abbot, go with you over dale and down—I hear the trampling of your horses—farewell." "Farewell, Father," said the Queen, who had indeed no time to lose, for Henry Seyton and George Douglas were impatient for them to mount and ride to some place of safety.

Once upon their horses, they soon reached the open country, and galloped on as fast as they could towards Niddrie Castle, belonging to Lord Seyton. The Queen enjoyed her ride. The fresh cool night-breeze blew on her face, giving her strength ; and her favourite horse

Rosabelle, which Douglas had contrived to bring for her, bounded along as if she knew her own mistress was once more on her back. George Douglas rode close to the Queen, keeping his own steed to the pace of Rosabelle, and ready to uphold her in case of any slip or stumble. As they rode on, Mary gently said, she feared her own horse could not have been brought there without great difficulty and danger ; but Douglas, who cared nothing for difficulty and danger in his Queen's service, only answered with a smile, "Queen Mary needed Rosabelle, and Rosabelle is here."

On they cantered, the clattering hoofs making merry music in the ears of those who for so long had been shut up, sorrowful captives, in the dreary prison on the lake. When at last they arrived at Niddrie Castle, the Queen dismounted, patted her Rosabelle who had carried her so fleetly and so well, and looking on her faithful friends, now crowding around her, thanked them with many sweet words for all they had done ; and hoped a good night's rest would restore their strength and her own. Then Henry Seyton, bending his knee, bade Queen Mary welcome to Niddrie ; and Catherine and Lady Fleming attended her to her room.

The next morning the Queen was aroused by the sun shining brightly into her room, and the noise of men and horses under her window. Throwing a mantle around her, she looked out, and a glorious sight indeed met her eyes. Swords and spears and bright armour—brave soldiers—prancing horses—gay banners floating in the wind—and her faithful subjects, all eagerly watching the window for a glimpse of their bonny Queen.

Throwing the window wide open, and putting out her head, only covered by its beautiful waving hair, she bowed again and again, as the warriors shouted their welcome. How delighted they were to see her there, waving her white hand, and answering their shouts with smiles and happy looks, her two faithful ladies laughing behind her—and ah! how little any one *then* thought that in a few days more than half those gallant men would be lying dead on the field of battle, and their Queen flying from her kingdom never to return!

You must now hear something more of Roland and Catherine. Henry Seyton had found out that Roland wished to marry his sister; and was very angry that a *page* should dare to wish anything of the kind. That morn-

ing he had quarrelled with Roland, and the two would have fought, had not Roland been determined not to hurt Catherine's brother. The Queen, hearing of all this, was very sorry, and tried to make peace ; reminding Henry Seyton, that, but for Roland, she could never have escaped from Lochleven. Young Seyton replied, that was all true enough, but he could never make friends with the "insolent page," until he gave up all thoughts of becoming the husband of Lady Catherine Seyton.

While this conversation was going on, and the faces of the two young men growing more angry every minute, an old woman was seen coming from behind a large screen at the end of the hall. It was Magdalen Græme, who had found her way to Lord Seyton's Castle on purpose to tell Roland and the others a tale they were astonished to hear.

She came up to the Queen, and said, pointing to Roland, "My grandson comes of the blood of Avenel." "Of Avenel?" said the Queen, surprised. "My page!"

"Yes, gracious Princess. Julian Avenel was his father, who fell in battle against the Southron."

"I have heard that tale of sorrow," said the

Queen. "It was *thy* daughter then who followed that unfortunate Baron to the field, and died on his body? The tale hath oft been told and sung. And thou, Roland, art that child who was left among the dead and dying? Henry Seyton, he is thine equal."

All were indeed surprised at Magdalen's tale, for now it was clear that as the present Knight of Avenel and his wife had no children, Roland was heir to Avenel and its lands, and a fitting husband even for the noble young lady whom he loved.

But there was no time now to talk of these things, for already the Queen's horse was saddled, and the bugle sounding to mount and ride. The news of the escape of the Queen of Scotland had spread all over the country, and the Earl of Murray had hastily assembled his troops to march and meet the army of the Queen.

The two armies met at Langside, and there a desperate battle was fought—famous in history. Near the field of battle was a little hill, and there Queen Mary and her ladies, guarded by the Abbot Ambrose and Roland Græme, reined up their horses to watch the fight. George Douglas, in a complete suit of black armour,

remained also by the Queen's side, so as to defend her in case of attack.

Soon the thunder of cannon reached their ears, and clouds of smoke came sweeping from the field, darkening the scene, and casting a heavy gloom over the Queen and her trembling ladies. They spoke not a word, for their voices would have been lost in the fearful sound of war. The trampling of thousands of horses, the wild shouts of the soldiers, and the deafening roar of the guns, all told the same tale to the unhappy Queen—her subjects were falling and dying by hundreds—and *all* on her account.

Roland sat on his horse, restless, eager, and half wild with impatience to dash forward and join the fight. At last he said entreatingly to the Abbot, "Were it not well that I rode somewhat nearer the host and saw the fate of the day?"

"Do so," cried the Abbot, "for if our friends are scattered our flight must be hasty."

"Oh! go not too nigh," said Catherine, "but see how the Seytons fight, and see how they bear themselves."

Roland waited to hear no more, but setting spurs to his horse galloped forward. Before he could reach the field he met young Henry

Seyton—frightfully wounded—his once bright armour soiled with blood and dust, but still sword in hand, dealing blows at one or two of the Regent's soldiers who were pursuing and trying to kill him. Roland pushed his good horse amongst them, and managed to beat off the soldiers; then told Seyton to lean against him and hold by his horse's mane till they could get beyond danger. But Seyton shook his head; his wounds were mortal. He sank on the grass, and looked kindly with his dying eyes at Roland, thanking him for his kindness. "Trouble yourself no more with me," he faintly said, "this is my first and last battle. Hasten to save the Queen, and commend me to Catherine—she will never more be mistaken for me, nor I for her—Stand not to look on a dying man, but haste to save the Queen." With these words on his lips young Seyton died.

Roland dared not wait there. He galloped on, and found, to his grief and horror, that the Queen's army was utterly defeated. A knight of the Regent's army, followed by several soldiers, all bearing the holly-branch of Avenel, rushed to meet Roland. "The Queen—where is the Queen?" shouted Sir Halbert Glendinning. Roland made no answer, but turning his

horse, tore away back to where he had left Mary and her party. "Halt," cried the Knight of Avenel, "halt, Sir Coward, or I will strike thee in the back with my lance!"

But Roland knew better than to stop; and fortunately his horse was far stronger and swifter than that of his old master. Coming near the little hill, he cried with all his strength, "Foes! foes! Ride for it, fair ladies—gentlemen, do your duty to protect them."

George Douglas now rushed forward, and threw himself with such force against Sir Halbert Glendinning, that both horses were overthrown, and the riders lay rolling in the dust. Douglas received a mortal wound from the lance of the Knight of Avenel, who, himself wounded and sorely bruised by his fall, was scarcely better off. Roland came on to help Douglas, and called on Sir Halbert to yield. The Knight, hearing his voice, exclaimed with wonder, "The favourite page of my wife! Ah! wretched boy, I have heard of thy treason at Lochleven."

"Reproach him not, brother," said the Abbot. But time was being lost. "To horse—to horse!" cried Catherine Seyton. "To horse, Roland! Mount, my Lord Abbot, or we are all lost! Before now we should have ridden a mile."

But the Queen still checked her impatient horse, and refused to fly yet from the spot, even to save her life. "Look there," she said, pointing to the dying knight in black armour, "Look there: thus it has been with all who loved Mary Stuart. I will fly no further—I can die but once, and I will die here."

She dismounted and knelt beside the wounded man, her tears falling fast on his pale face. Douglas turned his eyes, full of affection still, on his beloved Queen, and murmured, "Mourn not for me, but care for your own safety. I die in mine armour, as a Douglas should—and I die pitied by Mary Stuart."

He expired with these words; and the Queen's friends pressed around her, entreating her to stay no longer in that dangerous place, for every moment they expected some of the Regent's victorious soldiers would arrive and seize the Queen. Bitterly weeping, Mary remounted her horse, and urged to speed by her attendants, fled far away from Langside.

Roland stayed a few moments behind to give orders for his old master, the Knight of Avenel, to be taken to a house near, and his wounds attended to. While speaking, he caught sight of Adam Woodcock, who had valiantly fought

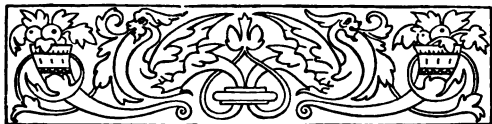
that day by his master's side, and had escaped without a wound. Honest Adam looked at Roland with such a stare of amazement, that Roland, in spite of his sorrow, nearly burst out laughing in the falconer's face. He helped Adam to raise Sir Halbert, and, giving the old man a piece of gold, nodded farewell, and galloped off to overtake the Queen, who was now nearly out of sight.

Many miles did Rosabelle carry her mistress that day, and the Queen never fell a prisoner into the hands of her own subjects. She travelled southward, and crossed the Border, leaving Scotland for ever. She went to England, where, as you know, she spent the rest of her unhappy life.

The Queen of Scotland being safely out of the country, the Regent offered pardon to her followers, being anxious for something like peace in the kingdom he had to protect. The Knight of Avenel therefore invited his brother the Abbot, and his wife's young cousin, Roland Avenel, to come and live at the Castle. This they gladly consented to do, and the kind Lady of Avenel wept for joy at seeing Roland again, and finding she had, without knowing it, sheltered and befriended her own cousin, and heir

of the house of Avenel. The old servants, too, welcomed him back; and Roland, who had now seen so much of life and its real troubles, was careful to show, by kind words and good manners, that Roland Avenel the gentleman knew better how to behave than Roland Græme, the troublesome'saucy page.

Two years after the battle of Langside, Roland sought the Lady Catherine Seyton, and again begged her to become his wife. To this she gave her full consent, and many were the happy years they spent together in their home at Avenel Castle.



QUENTIN DURWARD.



ONCE upon a time, about four hundred years ago, a young Scotsman, named Quentin Durward, left his home, Glenhoulakin, and went to France to seek his fortune.

The King of France, Louis XI., chose to have at this time a guard of Scottish gentlemen, who attended his Majesty wherever he went, and were called Archers of the Scottish Guard. Quentin Durward's uncle, Ludovic Lesly, had been in this guard for many years, and the young man thought it would be a good plan to try and find out this uncle, and get a place, if possible, in the Archer-Guard of King Louis.

The King and his guard were at this time living in the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, and one fine morning Quentin found himself in the

forest surrounding the Castle. A broad deep river rolled through this forest, and Quentin stopped a few minutes on the bank, considering how he should get across. He saw two men coming towards him on the other side, and shouted to them, asking if there were a ford or a bridge anywhere near. One of them smiled, but neither of them answered ; and Quentin, who was a bold fellow, sprang into the water. But, though a good swimmer, he found the current so strong he was nearly swept away, and thought he should never reach the opposite bank. He struggled bravely on, determined not to give up ; and the elder man, seeing his danger, told his companion to go at once and try to save him. The man obeyed, and ran to the edge of the stream with a long pole, which he held out for the swimmer to seize, but Quentin would not take it, and scrambled to shore at last without help. Once more on firm ground, he angrily asked the man why he had not warned him of the strength of the current. It was a shame, he said, to allow a stranger to be nearly drowned ; and he was still scolding, when the elder Frenchman came up, and, in a commanding voice, told Quentin to speak more respectfully to those older than

himself. The young Scotsman, who did not see the right of those older than himself to let him be drowned, answered that, in *his* country, people were in the habit of helping and protecting strangers—not of putting them into danger. But Durward was too good humoured to be very long angry, so he finished by saying he did not really mind about a ducking, and should be very much obliged if they could tell him the way to some inn, where he could dry his clothes and get something to eat.

While he was talking he found time to look at the faces of the two men. The elder of the two was a dark-looking old man, with a stern, deceitful face. He was dressed like a common shopkeeper, and in his shabby cap was a small leaden image of the Virgin Mary. The other was a horrid-looking fellow, with a cruel face, which was constantly smiling—not smiling pleasantly, but mischievously, as if he would enjoy doing harm to everybody he looked at. He bore a dagger at his side.

Instead of telling Quentin the way to any inn, the men began asking him a number of questions—what his name was—where he came from—whither he was going—and so on. Quentin answered good-temperedly enough at first ; but,

getting impatient, and feeling very uncomfortable in his wet clothes, said he would not stand there dripping any longer, but would pass on and find an inn for himself. The men laughed at this, and continued their questions, which so enraged the Scot that he threatened to beat them both if they did not let him go. The man with the leaden image in his cap said gravely he would not allow any quarrelling, and turning to his friend whispered an errand in his ear which sent him off, and then, in a friendly voice, invited Quentin to follow him, promising to give him a good breakfast. The young Scot, hungry with his morning walk and cold bath, was very grateful for so kind an offer, and willingly followed his new friend. As they walked on, Quentin admired the splendid deer feeding quietly under the noble forest trees, and said how very much he should like to hunt here, as he had often done on the bonny hills of Scotland. But at this the Frenchman shook his head, and said gravely, that in the forests of France, hunting the king's deer without leave was punished as a crime, and that killing a stag was counted a greater offence than killing a man.

They now came near the Castle, a large grim-

looking building, with thick stone walls, well guarded by many soldiers. But, besides the soldiers, there was another and very strange way of guarding the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, which Quentin's guide explained as they went along. There was one narrow path leading to the door of the Castle, and *only* one. There were plenty of *seeming* paths ; but any poor creature who attempted by one of these to reach the door, was caught by the leg in a trap or fell into some hidden pit, and was so held prisoner till found by some passer-by. If, then, the person caught could give no clear account of himself, nor any good reason for coming near the Castle, he was instantly hanged on one of the forest-trees, and his body left there as a warning to others.

These cunning contrivances were made by order of Louis XI., who (being one of the wickedest kings that ever sat on the throne of France—a man whose word no one believed, and whose cruelty was as great as his deceit) had no real friend in the world. Knowing how much he was hated, he was always fancying plans were being made among his subjects to take away his life. He was extremely clever,

and had spent a good deal of time in arranging the traps and pits around his favourite castle.

Quentin's guide seemed to admire the king's cleverness very much, as he described all these arrangements to the young Scotsman, and Quentin was so busy listening, he quite forgot his wet clothes, and after walking a mile or two he became dry but more hungry than ever. The old Frenchman, who seemed to know every path in the forest, led him past the Castle, and at last stopped at a small village inn. The landlord came out to meet them, and led the way to a comfortable room, where they found a very nice breakfast spread out. There was a large game-pie, some ham, several pretty little rolls of white bread, sweetmeats, and wine. The landlord bowed very respectfully to the old man, whom he called Maitre Pierre, and seemed anxious that everything should be in good order, and to Maitre Pierre's taste. Maitre Pierre did not eat much, but told Quentin to make a good breakfast, and laughed at the appetite of the young Scot, who devoured one good thing after another as if he had not eaten anything for a week.

When he had quite finished, Maitre Pierre asked him if he had enjoyed his breakfast.

"The best meal I have eaten," said Quentin, "since I left Glen-houlakin."

"Glen—what?" said the other. "Why do you use such long-tailed words?"

"Glen-houlakin," said the Scot, good-humouredly; "you may laugh at the sound if you please."

Maitre Pierre politely assured Quentin he had no intention of offending by laughing at the hard Scotch name, but only meant to say, that if Quentin wished to enjoy just as good a breakfast every day of his life, he had better seek a place in the Scottish Guard of the King of France.

The Scot answered that such *had* been his intention, but really, from what he had just heard about the grim castle of Plessis-les-Tours, he fancied the gentlemen of the King's Guard, in spite of being well fed and splendidly dressed, must lead rather dull lives, shut up there with nothing to do; and he thought he should like a more active life, and be able to go about and see the world, without the chance of being caught by the leg in a trap, and perhaps hanged for taking the wrong path.

Maitre Pierre, who kept on laughing at Quentin's remarks, advised him, as he thought

the King of France too quiet a master, to seek service with Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was known to be *active* enough at any rate. He was always ready for war, and sent his soldiers about on all kinds of dangerous expeditions, seldom allowing them or himself a day's rest.

You must here understand that this Duke of Burgundy, whom people called Charles the Bold, quite deserved the character given him by Maitre Pierre. He governed the province of Burgundy, and though considered a vassal or servant of the King of France, the two were constantly quarrelling, and their disputes kept the whole country in a state of alarm, as it was daily expected that war would be regularly declared between them. The difference in their characters was this: Charles of Burgundy was brave, violent, fond of war, and so passionate that when in a rage he behaved more like a mad bull than a royal duke. Louis of France was mean, sly, and cruel, seldom or never in a passion; but, by deceitful words, and often by downright untruths, he managed to gain more advantage over his enemy than Charles did with all his violence.

You will some day read and hear much of these two famous men, but you now know

enough to make you understand the story of Quentin Durward.

Maitre Pierre also mentioned another leader who would give any active young man plenty of soldier's work—William de la Marck, called by some the Wild Boar of Ardennes; but Quentin shook his head at this man's name, and said he was a savage creature, and very little better than a common robber.

While they were talking the door opened and a beautiful young lady walked in. Durward instantly rose from his seat and made a low bow. The young lady gracefully returned his bow, but did not speak. She carried a small tray, on which were some sweetmeats and a golden cup filled with pure water. These she offered to Maitre Pierre, who, sipping the water, called her Jacqueline, and asked her why she had come instead of Dame Perette, whom he expected.

"My aunt is ill, and keeps her room," said Jacqueline.

"Well," said the old Frenchman, "you may go, and this young man will attend me."

The young lady made a deep curtsy and went away, much to Quentin's disappointment, who would have liked to look at her lovely face a little longer. Maitre Pierre began again

talking about Quentin's future plans, and asked him if he had any friends in France.

Durward mentioned his uncle, Ludovic Lesly, and Maitre Pierre said he knew the man quite well. He had been an Archer of the Scottish Guard many years, and was nicknamed "Le Balafré," or, "the scarred," from having the mark of a sword-cut across his face. Maitre Pierre then rose from his seat, and said he would find Le Balafré, and send him to the inn to see his nephew. Then he went away, leaving Quentin rather puzzled about his new friend, who seemed to know everybody, and to order people about just as if he were some great person, while his shabby dress and old hat looked like those of some poor tradesman who could not afford a decent suit. The landlord coming in to clear the table, Quentin asked him who this Maitre Pierre was, and besides that, who that "butcherly-looking fellow" was who had been sent on to order breakfast.

The landlord did not seem to wish to talk much about Maitre Pierre, and only said Quentin might just as well have asked these questions of the man himself. As to the other, the landlord hoped, with a shudder, they might never have a closer acquaintance with *him*.

All this sounded very strange to the young Scot, who next asked the name of the beautiful young lady he had seen for so short a time. "Don't know," seemed the fashion of all the answers of the landlord, who said he could only tell, the lady was staying at his inn with her aunt. Quentin sent him with a message to the ladies, begging permission to pay them a visit, but an answer soon came back that the ladies could not receive any visitors, so Durward, rather disappointed, sat down to wait for his uncle.

Soon he heard heavy footsteps, and a loud knock at the door. In walked a tall, splendidly-dressed soldier. He was more than six feet high, and his rough sunburnt face would not have been ugly, but for the frightful scar which had gained for him the well-deserved name of *Le Balafre*. It was a deep red mark, made by the cut of a sword, from forehead to chin, and Lesly was rather proud of it. His dress was of blue velvet, half-covered by a coat-of-mail of shining steel, ornamented with bright silver. His shoes were bright steel, and in his plumed cap was a large shining silver clasp.

Uncle and nephew were glad to meet, as *Ludovic* wanted to hear news of friends in

Scotland, and Quentin was full of questions about France, and all its strange manners and customs.

Ludovic was a brave soldier, but rude and rough in his manners. He could neither read nor write, and did not care about learning, for in those days such ignorance was very common, even amongst gentlemen—especially those who were soldiers. They began to learn the use of swords and guns and other arms almost as soon as they could walk ; and if, in a few years, they also learned to ride well, they considered their education finished, and left such unnecessary things as reading and writing to other people.

Quentin Durward, however, though a good soldier and a bold rider, *had* learned to read and write—a circumstance that astonished his uncle greatly, and made him look rather respectfully at a nephew of such wonderful cleverness. He was anxious to persuade Quentin to join the Archer-Guard at once ; assuring him that the King of France was so fond of his Archers, that he not only gave them plenty of money, dress, food, and everything else they could want, but would not allow any body to hurt or even speak rudely to one of his Scottish Guard. Before the matter was settled, the great bell of the Castle boomed out its deep

tones, and Lesly started up and hurried off, bidding his nephew come to the Castle early the next morning, when perhaps he might see the King of France himself.

But before the next morning, Quentin met with a dreadful adventure. Finding it dull alone in the inn, he went for a walk beside the river, and again admired the splendid fruit-trees which grew in numbers on the banks. Coming near one of the highest, he saw with horror a man hanging by the neck to one of the branches, and, to all appearance, dead.

"Why do ye not cut him down?" said Durward to a man who, with some others, was staring up into the tree at the hanging body. The man, with a pale frightened face, pointed to a mark on the tree. It was the figure of the *fleur-de-lys*. This, when cut on the bark of a tree, meant that it was the King's special property, and that the man hanging there had been put to death by his command. But the Scot—a stranger in the country—knew nothing of all this, and, eager only to save the poor man's life, cut the rope with a stroke of his dagger. Down fell the body to the ground, and Quentin, kneeling down, loosened the cord, sprinkled water on the face, and tried every means to

bring the poor creature to life, without heeding the peasants, who ran away screaming at what he had done. He was still busy stooping over the body, when the sound of horses made him look up, and he found himself surrounded by mounted soldiers, commanded by the very man whom he had met in the morning with Maitre Pierre.

Before Quentin could speak a word, two soldiers jumped from their horses, and seizing him roughly, bound his arms to his sides, and having so made him helpless, stood looking at their leader for orders. This man's name was Tristan l'Hermite: he was Provost-Marshal to Louis the Eleventh. It was his business to see that all executions ordered by the King took place, and being a horribly cruel person, took pleasure in condemning people to death, pretending they had broken the King's laws. Now poor Quentin Durward had, by cutting down that body, certainly broken one of the strictest laws in the kingdom, but he had done it in ignorance, and this he tried to explain to the Provost. But all the answer he could get was, "*I will teach people to interfere with the King's justice. Dis-mount, my children, and do your office briskly.*"

"My children," were two horrid-looking men

named Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, and were employed by the Provost-Marshal to hang people. They were on foot directly, and Quentin noticed that each had, coiled on his saddle, a long piece of rope. Quickly tying a noose, Trois-Eschelles, a dismal-looking creature, flung it round Quentin's neck, and in a doleful voice begged him to come quietly to the nearest tree, and be hanged without giving them any trouble. Petit-André, who was equally cruel, began to laugh, and, pulling the cord, tried to drag Quentin along. The Provost-Marshal, bidding them make haste, turned his horse's head and rode away, taking not the least notice of Quentin's prayers for mercy. He knew quite well that Durward was innocent of all intention to break the laws, but having been offended at the young Scot's angry words in the morning, he was glad of such an opportunity of revenge. He rode off with a cruel smile, and Quentin felt all hope was gone. Several people had now come up; and the Scot in despair shouted aloud, "Is there any good Christian here who will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard that his nephew is here basely murdered?"

The words were spoken in good time, for an Archer of the Guard happened to be in the

crowd, and hearing a countryman's voice, drew his sword, and rushing up to Quentin, cut the binding cords at a stroke. Quentin, once more free, flung off the hands of the men who held him, while the friendly Archer waved his sword right and left to keep them off. Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André called for help, and the Provost-Marshal, who had not ridden far, turned back, and fiercely asked the Archer how he dared interfere with the King's orders.

The Archer, who had already sent a message to Le Balafre to come directly, answered that the Provost had no right to sentence a stranger to death who was ignorant of the laws of the country; and, standing close to Quentin with his drawn sword, threatened to strike down any one who attempted to touch him. But the Provost had a troop of soldiers with him, and nothing could be easier for them than to knock down the Archer and hang Durward, on whose death the revengeful Provost had determined. At this moment Ludovic Lesly, with two or three other Archers, hurried up to the spot. Hearing what had happened, Le Balafre and his party declared loudly they would not allow their young countryman to be so shamefully mur-

dered, without, at least, a fight for it, and they drew their swords as they spoke.

Tristan l'Hermite dared not give his soldiers the word to fight with the Scottish Guard. He knew that the King never forgave any one who quarrelled or fought with his Archers, and so, with rage and disappointment in his heart, he gave Durward up to his friends and rode away, casting at them all a look of spite and anger, for which they did not care in the least.

Directly he was gone, Ludovic told his nephew he must lose no time *now* in entering the King's Guard, as that was the only safety he would have from the power of the Provost-Marshal, who would not dare to touch any gentleman wearing their uniform ; so Quentin went with them to the Castle of Plessis to be introduced to Lord Crawford, the Captain. Lord Crawford was a noble old Scotsman, and had been Captain of the Guard for many years. He welcomed Quentin very kindly, and wrote his name down at once on the list of Archers.

The next thing to be done was to provide a uniform for Quentin, and very soon he was fully arrayed in the splendid blue velvet suit and coat-of-mail worn by the guard.

Quentin admired himself greatly in his uni-

form, and was heartily thankful to be safe from the terrible Provost-Marshal. He began to hope that, though the old castle was a dull place, something might happen soon to give him work or amusement. Perhaps the young man's two narrow escapes from drowning and hanging had given him a taste for adventures, and he certainly met with many, as you will hear.

The Archers treated themselves to a very good dinner to celebrate the arrival of a new comrade, and old Lord Crawford sat at the head of the table, enjoying the dinner and the chat, and telling them the news of the Court. He told them the King had heard all about young Durward's adventure by the river-side, and had given strict orders to the Provost-Marshal to avoid hurting Quentin on any pretence.

On hearing this the Archers gave a shout of triumph, and cups were filled to the brim to drink the health of His Majesty, and were then filled again for the health of their kind old Captain, who had himself spoken to King Louis, and explained Quentin's mistake, and thus saved the young Scot from the spite of Tristan l'Hermite.

Lord Crawford, being in a gossiping humour, told them of an angry message just sent by

Charles the Bold of Burgundy. He complained that a fair lady, named Isabelle, Countess of Croye, had, with her aunt, escaped from Burgundy to France, and that both ladies were now hiding somewhere in the kingdom of Louis, who, instead of sending them back, had given them shelter and protection. The Countess Isabelle, who was young, rich, and beautiful, had run away, because the Duke of Burgundy tried to make her marry a man she hated. The Duke, Lord Crawford said, was in a great passion at her flight; and the King of France declared he knew nothing about the ladies of Croye. This, however, the Duke did not believe, and he had sent the Count of Crèvecœur, a valiant Burgundian noble, and cousin to the Countess Isabelle, to carry his message and insist on some *truthful* answer.

Lord Crawford wound up his story by drinking the fair lady's health, wherever she might be, and wishing her a lucky escape from both King and Duke. Of course his example was followed by the Archers, Durward amongst them, who, after listening very attentively to the Captain's story, began to fancy that the beautiful young lady he had seen at the inn was the young Countess of Croye. However,

he was wise enough to keep his fancies to himself ; and when the noisy dinner was over, Le Balafre ordered him to bed, saying he would have to rise very early the next morning to attend on His Majesty of France.

The next morning the sound of bugles and the clash of armour woke our young Archer early, and he jumped up, refreshed by sleep, and eager to hear and see all he could in his new house. He looked very handsome in his blue velvet uniform and shining coat-of-mail ; and his uncle felt quite proud of him ; but there was no time for compliments, as they all had to hurry off to a large room, already nearly full of noblemen and gentlemen, waiting for the appearance of the King. Quentin stared about, and was very curious to know the names of some of these great people, but was not (of course) allowed to ask questions, nor even to speak at all. One face in the crowd he knew very well, and that was the horrid one of the Provost-Marshal, who, seeing Ludovic Lesly, came up to him, and in a voice intended to be civil, but which sounded more like the growling of a bear, made a sort of surly excuse for his *mistake* about Quentin Durward. Quentin scarcely listened to what Tristan was saying, so anxious was he to

see the door open through which the King was to come.

Presently the door did open, but instead of the King came a strange ugly little man, dressed in a tight suit of black silk, which made him look very like a black monkey. He carried a silver basin and a towel, and walked on tip-toe making low and humble bows to everybody. This was Oliver Dain, the King's barber, and, strange as it may seem, his favourite friend and companion. The little barber was as wicked and almost as clever as Louis himself, and was allowed to know all the King's secrets, and to advise him on all sorts of subjects.

Oliver passed quickly through the room, and was hardly gone when again the door opened, and Louis XI. came forward, gravely bending his head in answer to the respectful salutations of his subjects. Ludovic Lesly glanced at his nephew, and was surprised to see Quentin's eyes and mouth open in a wild stare of astonishment. At that moment did Quentin Durward discover that *Maitre Pierre* and Louis, King of France, were one and the same person.

The King, with a smile, walked straight up to the place where Le Balafre and his nephew were standing. "So, young man," said he, "I

find you have been brawling on your first arrival in Touraine ; but I forgive you, as it was chiefly the fault of a foolish old merchant, who gave you wine for breakfast. If I find him, I will punish him."

Quentin bowed, but made no answer. He felt rather frightened, and yet half inclined to laugh, when he remembered how he had chattered to Maitre Pierre, and had threatened to beat both him and the Provost-Marshal ; and he made up his mind for the future, to be more careful in letting his tongue run so *very* fast in the presence of strangers.

King Louis, who was dressed in a hunting-suit (and that rather a shabby one, according to his custom), proposed to the assembled nobles they should at once mount their horses, and hunt a wild boar—a favourite amusement in those days with King and Court. The baying of hounds and the neighing and trampling of horses were heard in the courtyard below, and all seemed ready and eager for the sport, when Count Dunois, a noble French gentleman, informed the King that the Count of Crèvecoeur was at that moment waiting to deliver his message from the Duke of Burgundy, and insisted on being heard. The King, looking very

angry, said he would wait to receive the message, and in a few minutes the Count of Crèvecœur entered the room, arrayed in a magnificent suit of steel armour, ornamented with gold. Around his neck hung the jewelled collar of the order of the Golden Fleece. His head was bare, and a page followed him carrying his helmet on a cushion.

The King received the Count with many polite words, and professed great readiness to hear any message from his friend and *faithful vassal*, the Duke of Burgundy. Crèvecœur, without taking much notice of the King's politeness, read from a paper in a loud voice a complaint from his master, Charles the Bold, that the King of France had helped and encouraged two noble ladies to escape from their lawful sovereign, and given them shelter in France. If, therefore, the King would now give up the ladies, the Duke would be satisfied ; but if not, war would be instantly declared by Burgundy against France.

The King's answer was a firm denial of all knowledge of the ladies of Croye, and a rebuke to the Count of Crèvecœur for his insolence in bringing any such message to him—a crowned King.

Crèvecœur boldly said, that the deceit of that

crowned King was well known to all. "Hearken, Louis of Valois, King of France! Hearken, all nobles here present! My master, the Duke of Burgundy, by my mouth, pronounces you, King of France, false and faithless, and declares war against you." Then, pulling off his iron glove, he flung it on the floor,—“There lies my gage, in token of the truth of my words.”

So saying, the fiery Count turned his back on the King, and left the room without waiting for any answer.

There was great silence. All waited for the King to speak. In a quiet voice, Louis commanded Cardinal Balue, a learned priest, to follow the Count as fast as he could, and try to persuade him to stay a few hours, at least, in the French dominions. The Cardinal hurried off, and very soon came back, saying the Count, though furiously angry, had consented to wait twenty-four hours, but if, after then, no other reply were sent to his master concerning the young Countess of Croye, he would return to Burgundy without seeing the face of the King of France again.

Then a wicked plan came into the King's head, but he only smiled, and, putting on a look as if he had forgotten all about Crèveceur and

Burgundy, proposed they should now all join the hunt without more delay. So down stairs they went, and mounted their impatient horses in the wide courtyard, and rode out, spreading themselves through the forest in search of a wild boar—these savage and dangerous animals being plentiful in the Royal forests.

Cardinal Balue and Count Dunois rode on either side of the King. The Cardinal was an awkward and timid rider, and would have been much better out of the hunting-field ; but, not choosing to be left behind, he pretended to enjoy the sport extremely, though he could hardly keep his seat on the spirited horse he was foolish enough to mount. He kept close to the King's side, and tried to talk and laugh as if he were quite comfortable ; but the sly old king, who was an excellent horseman himself, saw how dreadfully frightened Balue was, and determined to torment him a little. The Cardinal's horse was quite frisky with pleasure at the sound of the hunters' horns, and wanted to gallop. So the King purposely kept his own horse at a very slow pace, and as, of course, the Cardinal could not ride before his Majesty, he had to check and pull at his steed, which shook its head, and pranced, and fidgeted from side

to side, and became so unmanageable that poor Balue, half out of his senses with terror and vexation, heartily wished he had never placed himself on the wicked animal's back. Suddenly, at a mischievous touch of the spurs, the King's horse, with a playful neigh, reared and plunged, which so frightened the other that he kicked, jumped, and pulled at the bit, like a mad thing; every fresh jump tossing up the poor Cardinal, like a ball, from the saddle, to which he clung desperately with both hands. He did not *quite* tumble off; and Dunois, seeing the King's unkind tricks, laughed so heartily, that the Cardinal's rage was almost as great as his fright. Louis looked perfectly grave, much as he enjoyed the fun, and said it was quite extraordinary to observe how *very* fond his friend the Cardinal was of riding. Then, without a word of warning, he spurred his horse forward at full gallop, to join the hunt in earnest. No sooner had he done this, than the fiery horse of the Cardinal put down his head with a squeak, and, after a furious kick or two, tore away at full speed, rushing past the King and Count Dunois, who roared with laughter as the unlucky would-be sportsman flew by, holding fast by the mane—his feet out of the stirrups—his violet-coloured

robe flying behind him, showing his scarlet stockings to great advantage. On he went, swinging from side to side of the saddle, and expecting every minute to be dashed against a tree, or flung to the ground with a broken neck. The horse flew rather than galloped down a long green path, overtook the hounds, upset and trod on two or three, tore straight on, unheeding the angry shouts of the astonished huntsmen, who thought Cardinal Balue must have gone mad ; and carried his helpless rider at last close to the wild boar itself. The boar was of enormous size, and was a fearful beast to behold, as, with its savage face covered with the foam which flew from its tremendous tusks, it pushed through the thick bushes trying to escape its pursuers. Balue set up a scream for help, which frightened his horse afresh, and made it spring on one side with such violence, that the Cardinal fell to the ground. There were no bones broken, so the unfortunate man crawled out of the way into a side path, and, while still on the ground, saw the whole hunt gallop past—all too busy looking after the boar to pay the least attention to him.

But in the dangerous amusement of that day the King of France himself nearly lost his life.

He was a clever bold rider, and his noble horse carried him further forward than the rest of the hunters. He came up alone to the place where the boar had turned to bay, and was fighting savagely with the hounds, having already overthrown and wounded one with a stab from his tusks. King Louis, sounding his horn, rode up to the boar, spear in hand. The furious beast, leaving the dogs, made a rush at the King, whose frightened horse shrunk back, and refused again to face the boar. The King boldly jumped from his saddle, and advanced on foot, holding his sword straight at the boar. But the trampled earth was wet and slippery; the King stumbled, and fell flat on the ground. In another moment the wild beast's tusks would have been deep in his body, but Quentin Durward, who, hearing the blast of the horn, had ridden as fast as he could to the spot, hurried up and thrust his spear violently down the boar's throat. The animal rolled over dead on the grass, and King Louis rose from the ground unhurt.

"Ha! is it thou, young Scot?" he said; "help me to my horse. I like thee, and will do thee good." Quentin held the horse for the King to mount, and then ventured to beg his

Majesty's pardon for the free and easy way in which he had talked to "Maitre Pierre." The King laughed, and said Quentin had just saved his life, and was quite forgiven for his amusing mistakes that morning. He then blew his horn, and Count Dunois, and a few others, came galloping up, rather alarmed at having lost sight of the King for so long. They were very glad to see the boar dead, and the King safe, and complimented his Majesty on his success in killing so dangerous an animal without help. Louis smiled graciously, and took all their compliments to himself, without naming Quentin Durward, who wisely mounted his horse and quietly rode off without saying a word to any one of his service to his royal master. The hunting being over for that day, all rode homewards, and Quentin was soon seated comfortably by the fireside chatting with his uncle, to whom, however, he said nothing of his adventure with the King. Ludovic was therefore greatly surprised in the course of the evening by the appearance of Oliver Dain, the barber, with a message from the King that Quentin was to come to him immediately.

The little barber led Durward into a long narrow gallery, in which were several doors,

and there left the young Scot alone, wondering what would happen next. Presently one of the doors opened, and the King appeared. He asked Quentin if his gun were loaded, and Quentin said Yes. Bidding the young Archer follow, the King led the way to a small, nicely-furnished room, where a dinner was prepared for three persons. There was a screen at the end of the room, and the King ordered Quentin to go and stand behind it. The wondering Archer obeyed, and King Louis then went to different parts of the room, trying if from any part the young man could be spied. But he was quite hidden by the screen, and then received his orders. Cardinal Balue and the Count of Crèvecœur were coming to dine with the King, and Quentin was to stand there all the time with his loaded gun ready. When the King pronounced the words "*Ecosse en avant!*" Quentin was to dash down the screen, fire at the Count, and shoot him dead.

Now, Quentin Durward was a brave good man, and on hearing these dreadful commands he felt he would rather die than kill an unarmed man in so deceitful a manner; but, full as his heart was of horror and dismay, he dared not speak a word in the presence of the King. It

was a soldier's duty then, as it is now, to take his orders and obey them without a word; besides that, Quentin knew that no word of his would turn Louis XI. from his purpose. He would merely have condemned his Archer to death for disobedience, and chosen another to shoot the Count of Crèvecœur. So, with a miserable heart, Quentin took his place behind the screen, and was scarcely settled there when the door opened, and the two noble guests walked in. The King rose to meet them, and gave them a most kind and gracious welcome, behaving to Crèvecœur as if he had quite forgotten all the fierce messages from Burgundy, and that iron glove so furiously thrown down but a few hours before. To Cardinal Balue he was equally polite, just as if he had never tried to frighten the priest, and break his neck in the hunting field. Quentin, who could see and hear everything from his hiding-place, and remembered his orders well, blushed and trembled to think of the shocking deceit of the wicked King.

But King and guests went on feasting and talking merrily, and when dinner was over the Count and Cardinal rose to take leave of his Majesty. The terrible words "*Ecosse en avant!*"

were *not* spoken, and the visitors were allowed to depart, little dreaming of the great danger they had escaped. Quentin never knew why the King had changed his mind, and never wished to know, being well satisfied at having been spared the sin and shame of killing an unarmed man. Calling his young Archer from behind the screen, the King bade him sit down and have some dinner. Quentin's appetite was very good as usual, and he made an excellent dinner, thinking to himself this was the second time "Maitre Pierre" had been so kind as to give him a feast. He did not, however, feel particularly grateful to the wicked old fellow, whom he was beginning to dislike with all his heart.

Louis then told him, he was to be at the door of the castle that night, fully armed, and ready for a journey. The two ladies of Croye were in the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours (Quentin remembered how the King had denied this), and they were going to travel to Liege, a city in Flanders. The King did not choose to deliver them into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, and he hoped to send them away before the Count of Crèvecœur found out where they were. The ladies were to start in the

dark, and travel on horseback, guarded by Quentin Durward, and a few soldiers under his command.

These were pleasanter orders than the last ; and the young Scot listened with delight. He felt quite sure that the Countess Isabelle was the beautiful lady he had seen at the inn, and he was very very glad to think he should soon see her lovely face again.

The King told him a guide would meet them on the road, and show them the way to Liege. Once in the city, they were to go straight to the palace of the Bishop of Liege, who would receive the ladies and keep them in perfect safety.

All this sounded very pleasant, and as if the King of France were kindly giving help to the noble ladies, who had fled to him for protection. But his real plans were very different. He had sent a secret message to William de la Marck, a well-known leader of bands of soldiers who were little better than robbers, advising him to march against Liege, and attack it, while the ladies of Croye were in the Bishop's palace. The attack being sudden and unexpected, De la Marck (who, from his savage nature and hideous face, was called "The Wild Boar of Ardennes") would easily make his way to the

palace, and finding there the rich and noble young Countess of Croye, would seize upon her, compel her to become his wife, and then claim all her castles and lands in Burgundy. This being done, the "Wild Boar" would be able to make war on the Duke of Burgundy whenever he pleased, and in this manner the King of France would be revenged on his enemy the Duke, without the trouble of going to war himself; and nobody would know he had ever seen the ladies of Croye at all. The wicked King knew besides that Quentin Durward would be sure to fight bravely to defend the ladies, and would most likely be killed, and could therefore never tell the secret. We shall see how these clever deceitful plans answered.

In the middle of the night Durward hastened to the appointed place, and found three horses standing, saddled for ladies. Presently the Countess Isabelle and her aunt the Lady Hameline appeared, attended by their maid Marthon. They mounted their horses in silence, and Quentin and the soldiers followed. Just as they were starting, a man, wrapped in a cloak which hid his face, came to see them off. It was the King, who whispered to the Archer he would find a guide a few miles further on.

Slowly the party rode on, keeping carefully to the *one* path through the forest, for Quentin had not forgotten the traps that were everywhere about. Lady Hameline, the aunt of Isabelle, was rather a talkative dame, and not very wise, and as they went along asked Quentin his name, and many other questions, to which of course he returned polite answers, but wished she would chatter rather less and let the Countess speak. But Isabelle was silent, sad, and frightened. She did not believe the fine promises of the King of France, and dreaded some misfortune would happen to them before they arrived at Liege. Once, she spoke to Durward, "Are you not," said she, "the same whom I saw when I was called to wait on the King at yonder inn?"

Quentin respectfully answered Yes ; and after that there was very little more talking, as they all began to be anxious for the appearance of the promised guide. Quentin would not say anything to alarm the ladies, but he could not help wondering if the King had deceived them, and meant them to be lost in that unknown country, and possibly murdered by the robbers who were constantly roaming about in search of plunder.

Suddenly the blast of a horn sounded in the distance, and a horseman came riding very fast towards them, on a small wild-looking pony, whose shaggy coat reminded Quentin of the ponies in his own far-away land of Scotland. The rider was a strange-looking person, with a brown face, wearing a red turban in which was a dirty plume of feathers, a green coat laced with gold, and a pair of wide white trousers. His brown legs were bare below the knee, and sandals were twisted round his feet. His long black hair hung over his face, or blew about in the wind, making him look as wild and shaggy as his pony.

Quentin Durward, supposing the creature was a wandering madman, or perhaps a robber, galloped forward to meet him, and fight him if necessary. To his amazement, he found this was the guide chosen by the King of France to conduct the ladies to Liege. The stranger, who gave his name as Hayraddin Maugrabin, a Bohemian, said he was Quentin's friend already.

"How so?" exclaimed the Scot in surprise.

"Remember the chestnut-tree on the banks of the river," was the answer. "The victim whose body thou didst cut down was my brother, Zamet Maugrabin."

Quentin did not like the look of this new "friend" at all, and began to suspect he had been sent by the king to lead them astray. He had seen quite enough of the King to make him doubt every word and deed of Louis of France.

However, as no other guide was to be had, he contented himself with watching the Bohemian very sharply. The man behaved very well, and only stopped once to speak in a low voice to some other wild-looking people they met on the road. He advised Quentin to travel on the right side of the river Maes, so the young Archer, who knew it did not signify on which side they went, as either road would take them to Liege, chose to go on the left side, hoping by this change to upset any plan for stopping the ladies on their way. This was an excellent guess on Quentin's part, for, had they kept to the right bank, a party of William de la Marck's soldiers, who were waiting for them, would have seized the whole party.

So, escaping this unseen danger, the ladies and their faithful guard arrived safely at Liege, and were kindly welcomed by the noble and courteous Bishop, who came himself to the door to receive them, and helped the tired ladies to dismount.

Durward was now obliged to bid farewell to the Countess Isabelle, sorrowfully thinking he might perhaps never see her again. Her kind and gentle manners during their journey made him admire her more than ever; and he was vexed to think that she—a high-born lady—could only consider *him* a servant—not a friend at all. Before long, however, Quentin Durward was the only friend the Countess Isabelle had in the world.

A comfortable room had been provided for the young Scot, by the Bishop's orders, and he was glad to lie down that night and try to sleep away his fatigue and sorrowful thoughts. He had not been asleep long before a loud noise awoke him. Starting up, he listened eagerly. Shouts of fighting men—loud cries of every kind—trampling, hurrying footsteps, and heavy thundering blows on the walls! What could it all mean? Quentin sprang from his bed, and in haste buckled on his armour. It was quite dark, and he knew not which way to go, but, seizing his sword, he rushed out of the room and ran through the long passages, hoping by some chance to find the apartment of the ladies of Croye, and fight for them to the last. The noise outside increased every minute, and Quen-

tin now distinctly heard cries of "Sanglier! Sanglier!" the war-cry of the soldiers of the Wild Boar of Ardennes. These shouts told Durward what had happened. The troops of William de la Marck had attacked Liege, and were now forcing their way into the Bishop's palace. There were very few soldiers to defend the whole town, and still fewer in the palace; and Durward, as he ran on in the darkness, thought, with grief and terror, of the helpless ladies, and what would become of them if taken prisoners. At last he saw a man carrying a light, and hurrying towards him. It was the Bohemian guide. Seizing Quentin's arm, he told him the welcome news that the ladies were outside the palace waiting for him. Glad and thankful, the Archer hurried on with the guide; but, on reaching the garden, found to his disappointment only the Lady Hameline and Marthon the maid.

"Where is the Lady Isabelle? is she left behind?" shouted Quentin in despair. Leaving the Bohemian and Marthon to take care of Lady Hameline, he rushed back into the palace, running from room to room, wildly calling the name, "Isabelle!"

By this time the soldiers had filled the palace,

and spread over all the house, robbing each chamber, and killing all they met. Screams and groans of the wounded and dying were heard on every side, and Quentin himself narrowly escaped death more than once, from blows aimed at him as he passed along. But the brave Scot, caring nothing for his own danger, rushed on, calling again and again, "Isabelle! Isabelle!" Coming to the door of a small room, he saw the figure of a man lying across the entrance, and seeming dead. Jumping over him, Quentin opened the door, shouting again "Isabelle!"

There, on the floor of the room, was the unfortunate young Countess lying on her face, neither dead nor wounded, but in utter despair, and quite alone. Quentin knelt beside her, and raised her head.

"Is it you, Durward?" she said faintly; "then there is *some* hope left. I thought all living friends had left me. Do not leave me again." "Never, never!" said Durward.

"Ah!" said a rough but kind voice from behind, "I pity the tender creature as if she were my own daughter." The speaker was a stout Flemish citizen, over whose body Quentin had jumped, thinking him dead. The good

man had been thrown down by some passing soldier, but not hurt. He was rather fat, and having put on a suit of armour, to which he was not accustomed, he had not been able to get up again without some trouble. Pavillon, for that was his name, was truly grieved to see a young and delicate lady in such danger, and promised to do his best to help Isabelle and Quentin to escape. But this was a difficult matter to manage, for the soldiers were everywhere in the palace ; and at that very moment Pavillon knew William de la Marck himself was in the great dining-hall, to which the good Bishop had been dragged prisoner. The kind citizen told Isabelle to wrap herself from head to foot in a dark mantle, and not on any account to speak nor allow her face to be seen. The grateful Isabelle covered herself closely, and drew a dark veil over her face, then, holding Quentin's arm, followed their new friend in trembling silence. They crossed a wide courtyard strewed with wounded and dying men, whose moans and cries made the shuddering lady cling closer to the Archer's arm, while tears of fear and pity ran down her cheeks. They now came near the great dining-hall, through which Pavillon said they *must* pass, in order to

gain permission from De la Marck to leave the palace.

So in fear and trembling the three entered the hall, where a horrible scene of noise and confusion was going on. At the head of the table sat the man whom people called the "Wild Boar of Ardennes;" and Quentin thought, as he looked at the savage Baron, how well the name suited him. He wore an enormous moustache and bushy beard, and through the thick hair could be seen two huge side-teeth, sticking out like the tusks of a boar. He was dressed in complete armour, but his head was bare, and he was drinking great draughts of wine from a goblet of gold. His fierce soldiers sat around the table, some drinking like himself, some singing boisterous songs, some shouting with laughter, some fighting, and *all* making a riot fit only for a den of wild beasts.

Pavillon went boldly up to the head of the table and asked permission for his daughter (pointing to the veiled lady) to leave the palace and go home. De la Marck struck his fist furiously on the table, and in a voice of thunder refused his request, and ordered Isabelle to show her face. The Countess, half-dead with terror, clung more tightly to Durward's arm,

and kept silence. The unhappy girl knew full well that if once her face were seen, and her name and rank discovered, nothing on earth could save her. "Who is this fair one? Unveil, unveil!" shouted the fierce Baron; and in another moment the veil would have been torn from the face of Isabelle. But Quentin boldly drew his sword, resolved to defend Isabelle, or at least die before she should be touched. De la Marck started from his seat in astonishment, and, seizing a dagger, held it up as if about to fling it at Quentin's head. "Who art thou?" he shouted, in a voice of rage.

"I am a servant of King Louis," was Quentin's undaunted reply, "an Archer of his Scottish Guard, as my dress and language may tell you. I mark your proceedings, and see with wonder they are those of heathens rather than Christians—of madmen rather than men possessed of reason! For you, men of Liege, I advise your instant return to your homes; and if any offer to stop you, I declare them foes to my master, his most gracious Majesty of France."

"France and Liege! Long live the gallant Archer!" shouted Pavillon and some of his friends who were in the hall.

For a moment there was silence. Even the

Wild Boar, in his rage, remembered that to attack an Archer of the Scottish Guard was equal to quarrelling with the King of France, with whom he was most anxious to be friends. He dropped the dagger, and sulkily throwing himself back in his chair, growled permission for any one to leave the hall who chose. To show his friendship for the King of France, he asked the Archer to stay and dine with him ; but Quentin, eager to escape, and place the Countess in safety, made a polite excuse, saying he had a particular engagement that evening with Pavillon. Making a low bow to the terrible Baron, he hastened away, supporting the trembling Isabelle, who had never ceased holding his arm from the moment they entered that dreadful hall.

Thankful for their wonderful escape, Pavillon did not fail to praise the courage and cleverness of Quentin Durward, who had certainly saved their lives. The good citizen led them to his own house in Liege, and very soon, poor Isabelle rested her tired limbs on a comfortable bed, where, worn out with terror, fatigue, and sorrow, she sobbed herself to sleep.

The sun shone brightly into her room next morning, and she was awakened by Gertrude

Pavillon, a pretty Flemish girl, coming to her bedside. Gertrude was as kind and good-natured as her father, and offered to help Isabelle to escape from Liege. She would gladly have invited the young Countess to stay there longer, but it would have been exceedingly dangerous for Isabelle to remain a single day in Liege, as it was very likely she would be discovered and taken prisoner by the soldiers of De la Marck, who would certainly have put Pavillon and his daughter to death for helping the young Lady of Croye to hide.

Rather than bring trouble on her kind friends, Isabelle declared she was ready to leave at once. The kind Gertrude dressed the Countess in a Flemish gown and round cap, such as the countrywomen wore; and Isabelle, when her disguise was complete, sent a message to Quentin to make ready to leave Liege immediately. Breakfast soon appeared, and Quentin came in dressed as a Flemish peasant in a plain brown suit, very different from the grand sky-blue velvet and silver in which the Archers of the Scottish Guard arrayed themselves. Two stout horses were lent to them by their kind friend, and the Countess and her faithful guide mounted in

haste, bidding the good citizen and his daughter farewell with many hearty thanks.

The Countess told Quentin, as they rode along, she intended giving herself up to the Duke of Burgundy, from whom she saw it was impossible to escape. As to trusting any more to the fine promises of the King of France, that was out of the question, for Isabelle felt quite sure the wicked king had intended her to fall into the hands of the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Quentin thought the same, but was afraid they would hardly be able to make their way back to Burgundy without further danger and difficulty. Isabelle asked Durward where her aunt, the Lady Hameline, was. He started at the question, and was obliged to confess he had quite forgotten the poor lady, after leaving her with Hayraddin and Marthon. Isabelle was much grieved, and feared her aunt might be dead. The Lady Hameline, however, was not dead, but in perfect safety, and had met with a very curious adventure, of which you will hear soon.

Before they had ridden many miles they saw in the distance a party of soldiers on horseback coming towards them at full gallop. As they came nearer, Quentin knew them for the famous

Black Troopers belonging to De la Marck. These fellows rode black horses, and smeared their faces, hands, and armour with black ointment, and were the most hideous and terrifying objects that could be seen.

On they came, with thundering hoofs, and half-hidden in clouds of dust. Isabelle and Quentin lashed their horses to a gallop, and rode towards a wood, hoping to hide themselves among the trees. As they approached, they saw, to their dismay, another troop of horsemen exactly in front of them, from whom there was no chance of escape. But in a moment Isabelle cried out in a glad voice, "They wear bright armour! They must be Burgundians!" As they came nearer, her joy increased; "It is the banner of Crèvecœur!" she exclaimed, "my cousin; I will give myself up to him."

Riding forward, she checked her horse in front of her valiant cousin of Crèvecœur, for he indeed it was. The Count stared in amazement to see his fair cousin, Isabelle of Croye, dressed as a peasant-maiden, mounted on a homely Flemish horse, and attended by a single follower. In as much displeasure as surprise the Count asked Isabelle how all this had come to pass, and seemed so angry, that the young lady

was, in her turn, offended, and said that that brave gentleman (pointing to Quentin Durward) had protected her through many fearful dangers, and could give the Count of Crèvecœur, better than herself, an account of all that had happened. So the Count beckoned to Quentin to ride beside him, and as they went on, heard how Liege had been attacked and taken, and how narrowly the Countess of Croye had escaped falling into the hands of the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Quentin said very little about himself, but Crèvecœur perceived very clearly that he had saved the Countess at the risk of his own life. He then reined back his horse, and rode beside Isabelle, asking her many questions; and from her heard how great had been the bravery, cleverness, and kindness of Quentin Durward.

There was one thing which displeased the Count of Crèvecœur very much in both the accounts of the young people. He perceived that Quentin Durward, though only an Archer of the Guard, had dared to fall in love with the beautiful young Countess of Croye, and that Isabelle, having had the opportunity of remarking Durward's many good qualities—his fiery courage, his good sense, his kindness of heart, his polished

manners, his *very* handsome face, and his devotion to her service—admired and liked him more than any man she had ever seen.

Now Quentin Durward, though a gentleman of good family, was not a noble of high degree, such as the haughty Count of Crèvecœur would consider a fitting husband for his cousin of Croye ; and the idea of her marrying a mere Archer of the Guard was too absurd, not to say too shocking, to be thought of. The Count, therefore, made up his mind that Quentin and Isabelle should not, if possible, speak to each other again. He thanked the young Scotsman for all he had done, and promised him rich reward if he would take service in the army of Charles of Burgundy ; but Durward refused his offers, not choosing, as yet, to leave the service of the King of France, and feeling, besides, very angry at the proud manner in which the Count of Crèvecœur spoke to him. Quentin remembered the time when he stood behind a screen with a loaded gun, and grumbled to himself a sort of half-wish that King Louis *had* made the signal to shoot. But Quentin did not really wish any such thing, his heart was far too brave and generous ; only just then he was so very sorry to think how little chance there was

of his ever speaking to Isabelle again, and how vexatious it was of that horrid Crève-cœur to interfere and separate them.

Wearily they journeyed on, until the party arrived at the little town of Charleroi, where Isabelle, tired by her long ride, was left in the care of the abbess of the convent, a kind lady, who had known her from a child, and was sure to take good care of her.

Quentin was desired to attend the Count, who, with his followers, travelled on towards the town of Peronne, whither Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, had come to meet the King of France, and hear from Louis's own lips whether he intended peace or war.

The King of France had been very anxious and uneasy since the departure of the ladies from Plessis, fearing lest by some means or other his wicked plans had been discovered by the friends of Burgundy.

On the appointed day Charles the Bold, in warlike and splendid array, rode forth, attended by a gallant train of nobles and gentlemen, to meet Louis XI. The Duke wore his jewelled coronet and mantle of state, and his followers, in their rich dresses, seemed to blaze with gold and silver. His Majesty the King of

France, dressed in an old cloak and a shabby hat stuck full of little images, rode slowly on a quiet little pony to meet the Duke. A few followers, nearly as shabby as himself, attended the King. When they met, Charles, according to rule, dismounted from his noble war-horse, and, as vassal, held the stirrup for his sovereign to alight from his pony; and those present could scarcely help laughing at the difference between the two men.

The first day passed in friendly conversation. A splendid banquet was prepared for the entertainment of his Majesty of France, and when the King and Duke parted for the night, both politely expressed a hope that on the morrow, when real business was to be talked about, this friendship might be continued.

But the next morning the Count of Crève-cœur arrived with his dreadful news from Liege, and the Duke of Burgundy listened with increasing rage till the Count came to the end of the shocking tale he had heard from Quentin Durward. The Duke, perfectly sure that Louis of France had arranged the whole plan, and had contrived the attack of De la Marck on Liege, was nearly mad with passion. He ordered the great bell of the Castle of Peronne to sound, as

a signal for all Burgundian officers, knights, and nobles, to assemble in the council-hall, and then sent a message to the King of France demanding his immediate presence.

The hall was nearly full when Louis entered, attended by Count Dunois, old Lord Crawford, and a few others, amongst whom was Oliver Dain, the barber. There was a chair of state ready for the King at the further end of the hall, and one also for the Duke. Louis gave one glance at the face of Charles as they took their seats, and was alarmed to see how the passionate Duke was frowning and biting his lip, as if he had hard work to keep his fury in until the time came for speaking.

Scarcely had the King taken his seat, when the Duke started up, and, in a voice trembling with rage, addressed the assembly. He spoke of the "scandalous flight of the ladies of Croye, the disgraceful attack on the city of Liege by William de la Marck, whose outrageous conduct should not remain long unpunished, the death of the good Bishop, who had been murdered by the soldiers of the Wild Boar;" and finished his furious speech by declaring that none of these things *could* have taken place but through the vile deceit of the King of France, who had first

hidden the ladies of Croye in his castle ; then told an enormous lie by saying he knew nothing about them, and then cast them into the power of the infamous robber, who had just filled the city of Liege with violence and murder. Stamping with rage, and so smashing a footstool near him to pieces, the exasperated Duke flung himself into his chair with a savage frown, and, folding his arms, waited amid the dead silence of the assembly for the reply of the King of France.

King Louis arose, in the most dignified manner, and in a mild quiet tone assured the assembled nobles of Burgundy and France that his "fair cousin" (meaning the Duke of Burgundy, who sat scowling in most uncousin-like fashion) had made a great mistake in accusing *him*, the innocent harmless person now speaking, of having encouraged either the runaway ladies of Croye, or the wicked William de la Marck, in their improper conduct. He expressed immense grief and surprise at the news of the death of the Bishop of Liege, and put his handkerchief to his face several times to show he was weeping at the idea of all these distressing events. He concluded his meek and affecting address by assuring his "friend

and cousin" he would gladly join in any plan for punishing De la Marck, or helping to restore the young Countess of Croye to her rightful sovereign.

The Duke listened with great impatience to the long speech of the King, not one word of which did he believe. He rose from his seat, and raising his voice, exclaimed: "Bring hither Isabelle, Countess of Croye."

The young lady, who had been brought to Peronne by the Duke's command, advanced into the hall leaning on the arm of the Countess of Crèveœur. Louis turned pale, dreading that now the truth would be told, and all his deceit and wickedness exposed.

The Countess Isabelle looked timidly around her on the crowd of nobles and statesmen assembled. The Duke of Burgundy was the first to speak.

"Soh! sweet Princess, what think you of the fair work you have made between two great Princes and two mighty countries, that have been like to go to war for your baby face?"

The harsh words and rude manner of Charles frightened Isabelle so much she could not speak, and the Countess of Crèveœur, a noble and courageous lady, told the Duke plainly he must

speak more courteously to the young lady before him, if he really wished her to answer any questions.

Isabelle was therefore allowed to sit down, and then Charles, with something like politeness, asked her whether the King of France had, or had not, sent her from his castle of Plessis to Liege with a guard of his own choosing.

All waited eagerly for her reply. Isabelle knew that if she told the exact truth, or rather if she told the *whole* truth, nothing could prevent war between France and Burgundy, for the disgraceful conduct of the King of France was utterly without excuse. The noble and kind-hearted lady therefore answered that though she and her aunt, the Lady Hameline, had certainly asked protection from the King of France, he had not appeared glad or willing to receive them, but seemed anxious to get rid of them. This was perfectly true, but Isabelle was careful to say nothing about Louis's plan of sending them into the power of De la Marck; and all the questions of the Duke of Burgundy could gain no answer on that subject. She fell on her knees before the Duke, and promised never again to leave his dominions without permission. Then she left the hall, and King

Louis felt exceedingly glad he had escaped the blame he deserved, and smiled to himself as he saw the disappointed face of the Duke.

But another person was now called upon, from whom Charles the Bold expected to hear enough to give him plenty of reason for declaring instant war against his hated enemy. Quentin Durward was brought forward. He had again put on the bright and splendid uniform of the Scottish Guard, and all present were pleased with his handsome face and respectful manner, though his bearing was bold and independent enough to show he had done nothing to be ashamed of, and was ready to answer any question put to him.

"Now, mark the questions I have to ask thee," said the stern voice of Charles the Bold. "Reply truly to them, or I will have thee hung alive from the steeple of the market-house."

These fierce words did not frighten Quentin Durward. He was determined to say nothing untrue, and he also hated in his heart the cruelty and false dealing of the King of France. But Quentin remembered he was still in the King's service, and was bound, as one of the Royal Guard, to defend his master by word and deed. So, in answer to the many questions of

the Duke of Burgundy, he simply replied he had followed the directions of the King of France, had guarded the ladies of Croye to Liege, and had placed them under the protection of the Bishop. As to what had happened afterwards, it was not his duty as a soldier to ask questions or to give an opinion.

The ready and truthful answers of the young Archer pleased everybody present, and the fiery Duke himself was obliged to admire his faithful determination to defend his master, although sorely disappointed a second time in getting no good reason for going to war with France.

Scarcely was Quentin's examination over, when a messenger hurried in to tell the Duke a herald had arrived with a message from William de la Marck.

"Admit him instantly," exclaimed the Duke. "I will learn something from this same herald, more than this young French-Scottish man-at-arms seems desirous to tell me."

Room was made in the assembly, and a man entered dressed in a fantastic suit covered with lace and embroidery ; and on nearly every part of his dress was worked the well-known boar's head. He looked half-frightened, half-impudent, and made a low bow to the King and

the Duke. Quentin thought he had seen the man before, but of course said nothing.

"Who art thou?" was the question of the Duke of Burgundy.

"I am Rouge Sanglier," was the answer, "officer-at-arms to William de la Marck, Prince of Liege, and to *his wife the Honourable Lady Hameline, Countess of Croye.*"

The astonishment of the Duke at hearing of this sudden marriage nearly took away his breath; and in his eagerness for more news, he began to forget his first violent anger against King Louis. The sly old king noticed this, and wishing above all things to keep friendly with Charles and avoid war, he rose and whispered to the Duke he did not believe the odd figure before them to be a herald at all. As usual, Charles flew into a passion. "Hark ye, fellow," shouted he, "art thou herald or not?"

"For pity's sake, be good to me," was the frightened reply. "Noble King Louis, speak for me."

"Speak for thyself," roared the fiery Duke. "Art thou herald or not?"

The unfortunate man hung his head, and confessed he was no herald. He had truly come from the Wild Boar of Ardennes with the

wonderful story of Lady Hameline's marriage, but had only been sent in mockery by De la Marck, to insult the Duke of Burgundy.

Hearing this, the Duke turned with fury on the unlucky "herald," whom he ordered to be dragged to the market-place, and beaten till his false dress fell torn from his back. The King of France, however, who dreaded any one coming from Liege, who might tell the truth about him, proposed that the wretched man should be hunted by hounds till he fell. The Duke, still wild with anger, consented. "It shall be done," he exclaimed. "Uncouple the hounds! Away! away! We will see this sport." And the whole council breaking up in confusion, knights, nobles, and princes, rushed out together to see the cruel unmerciful sport proposed by King Louis.

Poor Rouge Sanglier, as he called himself, was allowed a start of sixty yards before the hounds were let loose. He was strong and swift, and fled across the green space in front of the castle with wonderful speed. Half-a-score of fierce boar-hounds flew after him, encouraged by the blowing of horns and the shouts of the hunters. Such a fleet runner was he, that had it not been for his foolish loose

dress, he might have escaped ; but, entangled in that, he was obliged to give up. The hounds overtook him, pulled him down, tore his dress to pieces, bit him savagely, and would soon have killed him, had not the Duke of Burgundy, who, with the King of France, had been laughing violently all the time, shouted to the servants to call the dogs off.

Oliver Dain, who, as usual, was in close attendance, whispered to the King, "It is the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin." Louis started, and resolved to prevent the Bohemian being further questioned by the Duke, who then would have discovered much that Quentin Durward had so nobly refused to tell. At a sign from the King, Tristan l'Hermite came forward from the crowd, and respectfully bending before the Duke, informed him that the false herald rightly belonged to him, having been sentenced to death long ago for various crimes, but had, up to this time, unaccountably escaped.

The haughty Duke looked without pity on the miserable Bohemian, as he stood there, trembling with fatigue and fear, his gaudy dress hanging about him in rags, and his pale face bleeding from the bites of the hounds.

With a careless shrug of his shoulders, Charles said, that if the creature really belonged to the King of France, he might have him, to hang or not as he chose ; and, turning his back on the ragged object, left "Rouge Sanglier" to his fate.

The two Princes then returned to the castle, Louis whispering a command to the Provost-Marshal to lose no time in putting the Bohemian to death. The miserable man was bound and led into a forest near at hand, and Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André dragged him between them to a tree. Hayraddin caught sight of Quentin Durward in the crowd, and asked to speak with him, and the executioners, on receiving some money, gave permission, but only for a few minutes. Hayraddin then, to oblige Quentin, whom he liked very much, told him a secret which was afterwards of great use to the Archer. The Wild Boar of Ardennes, expecting to be attacked by the soldiers of Burgundy, intended to wear on the day of battle a suit of armour exactly like that of Count Dunois, and to array many of his soldiers in the same fashion, so as to puzzle his enemies.

This secret being told, Hayraddin asked Quentin to go a mile south, where he would

find a cottage. Near this cottage, the Bohemian's pony, Klepper, would be feeding. If Quentin gave a peculiar whistle, which the Bohemian made once or twice to show him, the horse would follow him directly. "Take him for thine own," said poor Hayraddin; "he will never fail thee night or day—rough or smooth—warm stables or winter sky—all are the same to Klepper. Will you be kind to him?"

"I will, indeed," said Quentin sadly. "Then fare you well," said Hayraddin; "but stay, here is a note from the Lady Hameline de la Marck to her niece; you must deliver it. Now begone; I have spoken the last words that mortal shall listen to."

Quentin hurried away, unwilling to behold the shocking sight of the Bohemian's execution, which happened almost directly.

He soon found the cottage, and spied a small horse feeding. Quentin gave the whistle, and Klepper raised his head and neighed in answer, but seemed frightened at the stranger. Quentin, however, who understood horses, went up to him, and patted him, and soon succeeded in making friends with Klepper. Mounting him at once, Quentin rode back to Peronne, where he heard great and unexpected news.

The Duke of Burgundy not being able to prove the guilt of the King of France, insisted on Louis's joining him in marching against William de la Marck, and punishing that insolent robber for his attack on Liege. Louis consented ; so in a few days a large army of French and Burgundian soldiers were ready to march to Liege.

Before they started, the young Countess of Croye was again brought before the Duke, who harshly commanded her to marry a nobleman of France. Isabelle steadily refused the proposed marriage, and declared she would gladly give up her castles, money, and lands, and become a nun. The truth was, poor Isabelle loved Quentin Durward best of all, and knowing that a marriage with him would not be permitted, had quite made up her mind not to marry at all. The Duke, enraged at her disobedience, pronounced a decree of punishment in the following manner. The armies of France and Burgundy were on the point of marching to meet the soldiers of De la Marck. Whoever amongst the soldiers of France or Burgundy should meet and kill the Wild Boar of Ardennes, should be rewarded by becoming the husband of the Countess Isabelle of Croye.

When Isabelle heard this, she was more miserable than ever, to think of becoming the wife of any rough rude soldier who might happen to slay De la Marck ; but the Duke, whose anger was very strong against her, would hear nothing she had to say against his tyrannical command, and bitter tears rolled down her cheeks at the thought of never seeing Quentin Durward again.

The next morning, a gallant army passed through the gates of the Castle of Peronne. Over the gateway was an arch, supporting a kind of balcony, in which sat the young Countess of Croye and many other ladies. As the mounted knights rode out, many looked up and bowed low to the Countess, each brave soldier hoping *he* should be the man to slay the Wild Boar, and marry the fair Isabelle.

Soon came the Archers of the Scottish Guard in their bright blue uniforms and coats of shining steel, which flashed and glittered in the sunshine, dazzling the eyes of the ladies in the balcony, who waved their handkerchiefs to the splendid Archers as the hoofs of their gallant steeds clattered through the gateway.

As Quentin Durward passed, he turned in his saddle, and, looking up, presented to Isabelle,

at the point of his lance, the letter of the Lady Hameline, given him by the Bohemian. Isabelle eagerly opened it, and read that the foolish lady had indeed married the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and even declared she was very happy with her fierce and frightful husband. She told Isabelle the secret of De la Marck's intention of wearing armour like that of Dunois, and Isabelle managed to send a faithful messenger with the note to Quentin Durward that evening, not knowing he had heard all from the Bohemian. The young Archer, pleased at this fresh mark of his lady's favour, went on in good spirits, feeling sure *he* should know the Wild Boar in any disguise, for he could never forget that hideous face which once had glared upon them both that dreadful night in the dining-hall at Liege.

It was a dark rainy night when the army, after a weary march, arrived at the walls of Liege. There was no shelter for the tired soldiers, who were nearly wet through. De la Marck's men fired on them from the walls, and killed many. The Duke of Burgundy did his best to get them into order, but he was angry at the confusion, and scolded every one so much he did no good ; and the poor soldiers huddled

themselves together under hedges and walls, hoping to gain a little rest and sleep before daylight came, when the regular battle would begin. But William de la Marck was a clever soldier, and had no intention of allowing his enemies to rest. Long before daylight his soldiers rushed out, shouting "Sanglier!" and attacked the army outside, and soon all were fighting furiously in rain and darkness. As morning-light appeared, the King of France was seen mounted on his charger encouraging his soldiers, and closely followed by Ludovic Lesly, Quentin Durward, and others of the Scottish Guard. Old Lord Crawford, riding bravely on with Count Dunois, pointed out to the astonished Count a figure exactly like himself not very far off. Dunois, in a rage, exclaimed he would punish *that* fellow, whoever he was, and dashed forward. "Leave him to me, my Lord Count," cried the voice of Quentin Durward, who was close behind. "No, no," was the reply of Dunois, as he spurred his horse to a gallop, and made straight for the figure before him. On they went right in the thickest of the fight; Quentin struggling and fighting through the crowd, determined to keep up with Count Dunois.

The figure in armour moved about here and there, striking down man after man with an enormous iron mace. No one seemed able to resist him, but the sight only made Quentin Durward more eager to get near him. He was sure that the face of the Wild Boar of Ardennes was hidden by the vizor of that helmet; and to kill that Wild Boar was the valiant Scot's firm determination. At last the man stood with his back to a wall, dealing heavy blows right and left to all who came near. Quentin dashed on—got before Count Dunois—sprang from his horse—and advancing boldly on foot, struck with his sword William de la Marck, for he indeed it was. The Boar looked with a sneer of scorn on the slight young figure before him, and, raising his mighty weapon, aimed a blow to kill him on the spot; but Quentin jumped aside, cleverly avoiding the blow, and giving the boar a deep wound in return. Then the two rushed at each other like wolf and wolf-dog, and Ludovic Lesly, who had fought his way up to the spot, roared encouragement to his nephew, and persuaded the other Archers, who were eagerly flocking up, to leave the glory of the victory to Quentin. De la Marck, mad with the pain of his wounds, struck blow after

blow at Quentin; but the active young Scot kept out of the way of the mace, giving the Boar a deep thrust with his sword from time to time, gaining courage from the roaring cheers of his brother-archers, and making sure he should slay the Boar at last.

Suddenly he heard a voice—a woman's voice—shrieking for help. He turned, and saw Gertrude Pavillon dragged along between two fierce soldiers. "Save me, save me!" she shrieked, as she saw Durward. "As you are a gentleman, protect me! Remember the house that once gave *you* shelter in your need—yourself and the Lady Isabelle. For her sake, leave me not!"

Quentin went at once to Gertrude's help. Bitter, indeed, was his disappointment at being obliged to leave his enemy at the moment of victory; and he knew there would be plenty to rush in and finish what he had begun, and carry off the prize; but he remembered Gertrude's kindness in past days, and could not leave her to be murdered by the soldiers. With a parting stab at the huge Boar he rushed to Gertrude's side, drove off the soldiers, and never left her till he saw her safely in her father's house; for by this time the wall had been battered down in many places, and the French

soldiers had made their way, as conquerors, into Liege. Quentin remained in Pavillon's house, helping to defend it, for he knew it was useless to go back and seek the Boar again.

The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy now rode into the town, and gave orders for the fighting to cease. Lord Crawford hurried through the streets, looking anxiously for his Archers ; and, alas ! seeing many lying dead on the ground, their once splendid uniforms dim, soiled, and stained with blood. Turning a corner, he met Le Balafré sauntering carelessly towards the river, swinging in his hand a frightful human head, which he held by its shaggy hair.

"How now, Ludovic?" said his captain ;
"what are you doing with that?"

"It is all that is left of work begun by my nephew and finished by me," was the answer. "The fellow fought well, and prayed me to throw his head into the Maes ; but I made him no promise, for I had his head off before his tongue had done wagging."

"Come with me," said Crawford. "There is more in that dead head than you think. Come with me."

Lesly obeyed his captain, who led him

straight to the presence of the King and the Duke. Pressing forward through a crowd of soldiers, and dragging Lesly after him, Crawford flung the head on the floor, exclaiming triumphantly, "None but he who slew the Boar can show his tusks."

All gathered, wondering, round the horrid object, and declared that hideous hairy face, with the huge side-teeth sticking out of the rough thick beard, to be the veritable face of the dead Wild Boar; and Charles of Burgundy felt sorry indeed for his rash promise of giving the fair Countess of Croye to the slayer of De le Marck, when he saw the rough ill-mannered old soldier with a great scar across his face, who could now claim her as his wife.

But there was no particular pleasure in Lesly's ugly face at the thought of so splendid a marriage, and he whispered a few words in a shy awkward manner to Lord Crawford. This was to ask him to explain that the glory of slaying the wild Boar really belonged to Quentin Durward; and, besides that, poor Ludovic begged that the honour of marrying the Countess might *not* be conferred on him—such an idea being extremely alarming to a gentleman who could neither read nor

write, and who certainly preferred fighting, drinking, and gossiping, to any Countess in the world.

Besides all this, there was no doubt Quentin had justly won his reward ; and the King of France well knew the worth of his brave young Archer. The Duke of Burgundy also fully consented to allow the marriage ; and even the haughty Count of Crèvecœur confessed that such bravery and goodness were worthy of the honour now given to the Archer of the Scottish Guard.

Quentin was sent for, and heard with delight of his good fortune. He hastened back to Peronne to claim his bride, with whom he lived happily for many years.

This is the end of the story ; but it will be amusing, before we have done, to count up the wonderful adventures of our hero.

He began by being nearly drowned. Then he was seized by the Provost-Marshal, and *very* nearly hanged. Then he made friends with his Majesty the King of France, who invited him to breakfast and dinner. Then he rushed at a wild beast, just at the right moment, and saved the life of the King. Then he protected two noble ladies through a long and

dangerous journey, and brought a lovely young Countess safely through crowds of soldiers. Then he prevented war between two great sovereigns by wisely avoiding unnecessary words (a most delightful accomplishment in young people, and *very* scarce in the present day). Then he had a desperate fight with the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and escaped without a wound. And, lastly, married a charming lady, equally renowned for wealth, rank, and beauty! Well done, Quentin Durward!



ROB ROY.



ONCE upon a time there was a London merchant named Osbaldistone. He had one son whose name was Frank ; and when Frank was old enough, Mr. Osbaldistone wished him to be a merchant also. But Frank did not like business, and told his father he would rather be a soldier. Mr. Osbaldistone refused to allow this ; so Frank then asked leave to travel for a year or two and see a little of the world before making up his mind. He was really anxious to please his father, and for a few weeks he stayed quietly at home, working in the counting-house, and trying, with the help of old Owen, the head-clerk, to learn all about business, and how to keep accounts. But it was all of no use. He forgot the figures as fast as he put them down,

and made so many mistakes, that poor Owen had only double work in correcting them, and at last advised Mr. Osbaldistone to find some other work for his son. Mr. Osbaldistone, much disappointed, said to Frank, "You had better go into Northumberland, where your uncle, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, lives. He has six sons, and one of them shall come and live with me, and learn to be a merchant."

Frank, though sorry for his father's disappointment, could not help feeling delighted at the thought of such a journey. His kind father gave him a good horse and plenty of money; and as he rode away from London, he wondered what the Northumberland uncle and six cousins would be like.

There were no railroads in those days, and such a long journey on horseback obliged travellers to stop on the way several times for rest and refreshment. One day, as Frank was riding quietly along the high-road, a man on horseback overtook him, and the two began to chat. The stranger's name was Morris, and the poor fellow was in a great fright, for he had heard many tales of robbers, and was afraid of being attacked. Frank laughed at him and told him to cheer up, and made such

fun of him, poor Morris began to fancy Frank himself might be a robber in disguise, and drew his horse as far as he could to the other side of the road. Frank was so amused at this foolish mistake, that he tried to frighten Morris a little bit more, and offered to take care of a parcel which the man was carrying in front of his saddle. Poor Morris clutched his parcel (which was full of money) all the tighter, and refused to part with it. And so the two went on—Frank laughing, and Morris shivering with fright. Mr. Frank was well punished for his foolish joke, some time afterwards, as you will hear.

The two travellers stopped at the Black Bear, a wayside inn, and agreed to dine together. The landlord of the inn was very friendly, and dined with them. A man named Campbell also joined the party. He was a strong, rough-looking fellow, but very merry and talkative, and told many interesting stories of his adventures with robbers. He seemed so bold and strong that poor Morris crept close to him, and tried to make friends with him, hoping that if they were obliged to travel together the next day, Campbell would protect him from that terrible Frank. Frank did not care much for

either of them. He liked Campbell and his amusing stories, and thought Morris a great cowardly simpleton ; but as he was now getting near the end of his journey, he rose early the next morning, and bidding good-bye to both his new acquaintances, cantered merrily over the country, till he found himself near his uncle's house—Osbaldistone Hall.

As he came on, he heard the hounds in full cry ; and presently a large fox rushed by close to him, covered with mud, and looking half-dead with fatigue. On came the hounds, then two or three huntsmen, laughing and shouting, and all so busy looking for the fox, they never saw Frank at all. But next came a beautiful young lady mounted on a spirited black horse, prancing, and shaking his head in displeasure at being stopped by his rider, who pulled up, and gave a kind welcome to the stranger, whom she guessed at once to be the cousin Frank they had been expecting for some days. Frank rode eagerly forward, and taking off his hat bowed low to the beautiful girl, thinking he had never seen any one half so lovely before. She told him her name was Diana Vernon, and that the huntsmen who had just passed were his cousins, and her cousins too. They were still talking

when one of the hunters came up, waving the fox's brush in triumph, and laughing at Diana for staying behind. This was Thorncliff Osbaldistone. He looked very rude and awkward, and when he had made a clumsy bow, and had shaken hands with Frank, he said "he must go now and couple up the hounds."

Diana and Frank rode on together towards the Hall, and she asked him, laughing, if he could groom a horse, and shoe him, and cut his mane and tail. Frank, surprised, said he left that kind of thing to his servants.

"Then, pray, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone," said Miss Vernon, "what *can* you do?"

"When my groom has dressed my horse, I can ride him," said Frank.

"Can you do this?" said Diana; and, turning her horse's head straight at a high rough fence jumped over it. Frank *could* do that, and followed her gallantly over the fence. Diana was pleased, and said he was a brave Osbaldistone, and would be heartily welcome among them. The two now entered the wide courtyard of Osbaldistone Hall, where Diana dismounted and left Frank, who did not see her again till he went into the dining-room. Here he found all the family—Sir Hildebrand Os-


baldistone and his six sons, Percie, Thornie, John, Dick, Wilfred, and Rashleigh. All of them, except the youngest, Rashleigh, were tall, strong, awkward, and noisy. The old Squire first seized his nephew's hand, and shaking it nearly off, gave him a boisterous welcome to the North country; and then the young squires gathered round him like so many great schoolboys, and in their own awkward, rough way, made Frank understand they were glad to see him. Then Rashleigh, who was smaller than any of his brothers, and much more quiet and polite, came forward, and in a gentlemanly manner bade his cousin welcome. But Rashleigh, with all his politeness, was a very bad man. He began to dislike Frank the moment he saw him, and was very angry with him for coming to Osbaldistone Hall. However, of course, Frank knew nothing of this, and only thought how pleasant *everybody* was, and how happy he should be in his uncle's house.

Frank sat next to Diana at dinner, and she amused him by telling all about his uncle and cousins. He found that the young squires cared for nothing but hunting, shooting, fishing, and all other out-of-door amusements. As for books, they never opened them, but after spending the

day in riding about the country, they came home at dusk, ate an enormous dinner, and went early to bed. They all agreed in disliking Rashleigh, who was fond of study, and despised the noisy, boisterous ways of his brothers; and when they found he was chosen by Mr. Osbaldistone to take Frank's place in the London counting-house, their delight was great, just as if they had been a set of idle boys suddenly released from a very strict master. Frank could not help laughing at Diana's description of the Osbaldistone family, and laughed the more to hear that the Hall was commonly called "Cub-Castle" by the neighbours, on account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. He said he hoped Rashleigh would like a quiet life in London; but Diana looked grave, and seemed to think Rashleigh was false and deceitful, and not fit to be trusted in a counting-house nor anywhere else. Diana was quite right in her opinion, as Frank found afterwards to his cost.

Frank and Diana were able to talk over these things all dinner-time, for Rashleigh did not sit near them; and the others were so busy devouring their dinner, calling to the servants for more, clattering their knives and forks, and shouting to each other, that nobody heard a word of

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the quiet talk of Miss Vernon and their new cousin.

The next day Rashleigh made ready to go to London ; but before he left he managed to get Frank into a terrible scrape, though Frank never found out it was his wicked cousin's doing. You remember Morris and his parcel ? Well, after Frank left the Black Bear Inn, Morris asked Campbell to travel with him, and take care of him. The poor cowardly fellow little knew what he was doing. Campbell was indeed a man to fear, being no other than the famous Highland robber MacGregor, commonly known as ROB ROY.

Campbell, of course, was not going to lose so good a chance as this, so he rode a little way with that poor Morris, then galloped off, then put a mask on his face, and met Morris again in a lonely part of the road, and snatched his parcel from him.

Morris went straight to the house of Mr. Justice Inglewood, the nearest magistrate, and declared that Frank Osbaldistone had stolen his money.

Mr. Inglewood's house was but a few miles from Osbaldistone Hall, and Frank soon heard of the story brought against him. He was too

angry to explain the matter properly to his uncle and cousins, and was still more angry and surprised to notice that Sir Hildebrand and the young Osbaldistones seemed to believe he really had stolen the money. But this was Rashleigh's doing. For certain reasons of his own he hated Frank, and had actually seen Morris and given him money to bring his false tale to Justice Inglewood.

But Diana Vernon was not so easily deceived. She asked Frank to ride with her to Mr. Inglewood's and settle the matter at once. They found the fat old Justice seated in his arm-chair, listening with a solemn face to Morris, who was describing how he had been stopped on the road and robbed by a man with a mask on, but who, he was quite sure, was Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

Frank interrupted his story by angrily denying every word of it, and was even indignant with the Justice for listening to such nonsense.

Mr. Justice Inglewood was a good-humoured lazy old gentleman, who was apt to get puzzled when two people came before him with different stories. Frank and Morris were talking very loud, and contradicting each other, when the

door of the justice-room was thrown wide open, and in walked "Mr. Campbell."

Looking sternly at the now frightened and silent Morris, Campbell in a fierce voice ordered him at once to declare Mr. Francis Osbaldistone entirely innocent. The cowardly Morris obeyed, but he dared not say a word about the real thief, as of course *now* no one would have believed a word he said. He left the room, followed by Campbell; and the Justice, looking very glad to be rid of them both, kindly invited Frank and Diana to stay and dine with him. But Miss Vernon said they must hasten home before dark, and bidding the kind old gentleman good-bye, galloped quickly back to the Hall.

Soon after this Rashleigh went to London, and Frank heard nothing of him for a long time. His life at Osbaldistone Hall was very pleasant. He hunted with his cousins in the mornings, and when he wished for more quiet amusement he sat in the library and looked over the many curious old books that filled the shelves. The young squires thought it the strangest thing in the world he should find pleasure in *books*, but Diana, who was very clever and had been well taught, loved reading, and would often, after a morning's hunting, join Frank in his studies—

reading Italian and French, and showing him where to find the best books.

Some pleasant months passed in this way, and Frank began at last to feel anxious for letters from his father, from whom he had not heard for a long time. One day, as they were reading in the library, Diana gave him a letter which she said had just arrived. Frank hastily opened it, and was shocked at the news it contained. His father had gone on business to Holland some weeks before, leaving Rashleigh master of the house in London. Directly his uncle was gone, Rashleigh had stolen a large sum of money, and had gone away from London—nobody knew where. Old Owen had come to Glasgow, thinking that perhaps Rashleigh had fled to Scotland with the money.

Frank's distress was so great he hardly knew what to do. Diana advised him to leave Osbaldistone Hall at once and go to Glasgow, where he would find Owen; and Frank, though very sorry to leave her, knew she was right; besides, his own wish was strong to help his kind father, remembering that if he had stayed in London all this trouble would never have happened.

So, early the next morning, while it was yet

quite dark, Frank rode away from Osbaldistone Hall, taking with him a Scotchman named Andrew Fairservice to show him the way to Glasgow.

On their arrival at the famous old city, Andrew asked leave, as it was Sunday, to go to the Cathedral and hear a preacher whose sermons were said to bring crowds of people to the church. Frank thought he might as well go too, as, all places of business being closed, he had no chance of finding Owen that day.

The sermon was going on in the crypt—a dark wide room under the church, with a low stone roof supported by large pillars. As Frank stood leaning against a pillar, listening to the sermon, some one whispered in his ear, "Meet me on the Bridge to-night at twelve o'clock."

It was so dark, that though Frank turned sharply round he could not make out the person who had spoken, for all the faces near him seemed quietly listening to the preacher.

Frank went to the Bridge at twelve o'clock that night, wondering much what he should see there. He had not long to wait, for, as the clocks of Glasgow struck twelve, *Campbell* appeared, and held out his hand, which Frank took in a friendly manner, for, though he had not the least idea who Campbell really was, he

felt very much obliged to him for having stopped the false and insolent story of Morris. Campbell, who seemed to like Frank very much, told him he knew why he had come to Glasgow, and that he could take him at once to the person he wished to see. Wondering more and more, Frank followed his new friend through the streets of the city, and at last Campbell stopped at the door of a high, gloomy, stone building—the Prison. Frank felt rather alarmed at being walked off to prison in the dark in this extraordinary manner, and at first refused to go in, but Campbell laughed, and assured him no harm was intended, and persuaded him to enter. The jailor unlocked the door, and the two went together up a winding narrow staircase into a miserable little room, very dirty and very dark. Here, to Frank's amazement, was poor Owen, his father's head clerk, asleep on a wretched straw bed. The turnkey, who had come up with them, shook him, and he woke up, rubbed his eyes, and grumbled at being disturbed. The turnkey called in his ear, "Shentlemans to speak wi' her," and then went away. Owen, now wide awake, stared at Frank, and then began to cry. He said he had been sent to this horrible place by a Scotchman named M'Vittie,

because he could not pay some money owed by Mr. Osbaldistone. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he described the conduct of the wicked Rashleigh ; and Frank was as miserable as the poor old clerk, whom he tried in vain to comfort. He could scarcely help laughing, however, when Owen, amongst other misfortunes, cried about his brown coat, which he held up to Frank, showing how dirty it had become by lying on the floor of a nasty Scotch jail.

All this time Campbell fidgeted about, advised Frank to put off talking till another day, and seemed very anxious to get away. The fact was that there were plenty of people in Glasgow who knew the famous robber quite well ; and as he had chosen to do such a daring and impudent thing as to venture inside the prison, somebody might come in and invite him to stay there. Just as he was declaring for the last time they really must go, a most alarming sound reached Mr. Campbell's ears. There was a noise of heavy bolts undrawn, great keys rattling in locks, footsteps and many voices coming upstairs ; and a turnkey rushed into the room, crying, "The Bailie is coming."

The "Bailie" was the magistrate, and Campbell's first idea was to rush downstairs,

upset the Bailie, and make his way out. The turnkey, who knew him well, and luckily happened to be his great friend, advised him to scramble under Owen's bed and hide there. But Campbell suddenly changed his mind, and putting on a bold, careless face, took a seat on a little table and began to whistle.

The next minute in walked Bailie Nicol Jarvie, an important and highly respected magistrate of Glasgow. He was a fat little man, with a conceited, but good-humoured, face. He scolded Dougal, the turnkey, for allowing strangers to visit the prison at that late hour, but spoke kindly to poor Owen, and politely to Frank, telling them the good news that he could let Owen out of prison the next day.

Then the Bailie turned round to look at the man on the table. Campbell looked straight into Mr. Jarvie's face,—went on whistling his tune, beating time with his foot, and at last burst out laughing. The Bailie was so astonished that for a moment he could not speak. He knew Rob Roy in an instant. "Ma conscience!" he exclaimed at last, "Ma conscience! it's impossible; it cannot be; ye robber, can this be you?"

"Yes, Bailie," was the saucy answer.

"Ah! ye villain, if I only say the word"—

"True, Bailie," said Rob, laughing, "but you never *will* say that word."

"And why not?" was the angry question of the magistrate.

Rob Roy explained, still laughing, that if the Bailie attempted to stop him he would knock his head against the wall till he was dead, and then fight his way downstairs through bolts and bars and jailors; but he also reminded Mr. Jarvie they were really relations and *great friends*, and that it would be most cruel to keep him in a prison into which he had only ventured to do kindness to Mr. Frank Osbaldistone.

The Bailie, though he knew his strict duty was to keep Rob Roy prisoner, allowed himself to be coaxed into good nature. It was quite true that Campbell was his cousin, and rather a favourite with Mr. Jarvie besides, so he told him to be off; and Rob hurried away, exceedingly glad of his narrow escape. Before leaving, he begged Mr. Jarvie would bring Frank soon to pay him a visit in the Highlands, as he was sure he could do Frank some service.

Frank and Owen listened with wonder to this curious conversation, and Frank asked Mr.

Jarvie who Campbell was ; but this the Bailie refused to tell, and begged he might hear no more questions on the subject. He kindly told Owen he would lend the money for paying M'Vittie, and wished them both to dine with him the next day, which they promised to do.

Frank and Owen never forgot the Bailie's dinner. The principal dish was a singed sheep's head ; and poor Owen, who had never dined on singed wool before, thought it horribly nasty, but, wishing to be polite to Mr. Jarvie, ate a mouthful now and then, trying to look as if he liked it, while Frank, who declined the queer Scotch dish, laughed at the grimaces Owen could not help making.

The next day being fine and bright, three men on horseback left Glasgow for the Highlands. They were Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Frank Osbaldistone, and Andrew Fairservice. At first Andrew was very troublesome. He was a vain talkative old fellow, and he *would* keep riding up to the two gentlemen, listening to their conversation, and giving his own opinion. The Bailie angrily told him to be quiet, and Andrew answered so rudely that Frank ordered him at once to ride a good way behind and keep in his proper place. Towards night

they stopped at a little inn, and asked for some supper. Some wild-looking Highlanders who were inside did not like the strangers coming in, and drew their swords to drive them out. Andrew, who was a great coward, ran away at once; but the Bailie and Frank did not choose to be driven away without supper. Mr. Jarvie, being rather too fat to draw his sword quickly enough, snatched a red-hot poker from the fire, and flourished it about so smartly that the Highlanders were glad to get out of his way; and one of them had a great hole burnt in his plaid. Seeing the Bailie so determined, the Highlanders agreed to sup with them in peace; and the good-natured Bailie promised to send a new plaid to the man, who complained that the hot poker had made it smell like a singed sheep's head. The woman of the house had not interfered while they were quarrelling, for in those times such fights were very common. She had only kept calling out loudly, "Steek* the door; steek the door! Kill or be killed, let naebody pass out till they hae paid the lawin'."†

After supper, Frank went out to look after the horses, for he could see nothing of Andrew.

* Shut.

† Reckoning.

While in the stable the woman of the house put a letter into his hands. It was from Campbell. He wrote to say he dared not meet them there; but if they would follow a trusty guide, named Dougal (who had brought the letter), Campbell would meet Frank and Mr. Jarvie farther up the country.

Frank put the letter in his pocket, and looked about for Andrew. That cowardly old fellow, who had hidden himself in a corner of the stable, now came forward, trembling and shaking, and, almost falling on his knees to Frank, begged him to have nothing whatever to do with *Rob Roy*.

"Rob Roy!" exclaimed Frank. "I know no such person. What new trick is this, Andrew?"

Andrew, pale with fright, declared he had seen one of Rob Roy's "gillies," or boys, give the letter to the woman; and again entreated his master to avoid all acquaintance with the terrible robber. Frank wondered much whether Andrew's story were true, or whether his fright had turned his head; but very soon he found out the real truth. He returned to the room where they had supped, and was talking with the Highlanders, who still remained there, when the footsteps of soldiers were heard

approaching, and a party of English soldiers, led by their captain, stopped at the door of the little inn. They came in search of Rob Roy, who had been seen lately in that part of the country. Andrew Fairservice, always ready to chatter and interfere, told Captain Thornton, the commanding officer, that a letter from Rob Roy had been given to his master ; and Frank, to his great vexation, was obliged to give it up. Directly Captain Thornton read it he said the letter was written by Robert MacGregor, commonly known as Rob Roy, and insisted on Frank telling where and when he had last seen the writer of that letter. Frank refused to say a word ; but, to his astonishment, Dougal, the messenger, came forward, and offered to lead the English soldiers by a mountain path to the place where they would certainly find Rob Roy. Captain Thornton eagerly accepted the offer, and informed Mr. Jarvie, Frank, and Andrew, they must come too. There was no help for them but to obey ; and the whole party marched off to the mountains.

The path was very narrow at first, and grew steeper and rougher as they went on. High mountains rose around them on all sides, and at last the way became so difficult the men

could not walk two abreast, but were obliged to scramble through bushes and stones as best they might. The English captain angrily asked Dougal how they were to get on through such ground ; and Dougal meekly answered he was very sorry, but he hadn't made the path, and the English gentlemen could go back if they didn't like it.

Just as they were pushing their way through a narrow space, filled with huge loose stones and thick bushes, the loud notes of a bagpipe were heard, and the next moment a party of armed mountaineers appeared on the rocks above, and, with shouts and screams, fired straight down on the English soldiers. These were Rob Roy's own people. Dougal, Rob Roy's faithful friend, had been deceiving the English captain, and had led the soldiers to this wild place, knowing well they would be attacked ; and he laughed to think how cleverly he had brought them on, step by step, to that wild shut-in place, where most likely every one of them would be killed.

Captain Thornton was a brave man, and seeing at once the trick that had been played, ordered his men to advance as well as they could, and to fire. They obeyed, and the High-

landers fired back. The Englishmen, squeezed together between two huge rocks, could hardly see their enemies above them, and the Highlanders kept firing upon them till many were killed. Then the mountaineers rushed down and seized them as prisoners, and dragging them forward, with shouts of triumph, called on Frank and Mr. Jarvie to follow. This they did, and on coming to the other side of the rock found themselves in the presence of a tall, fierce-looking woman. Her long dark hair was blowing in the wind. She wore a plumed cap on her head, two pistols were stuck in her belt, and in her hand was a naked sword. "It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife," said the Bailie, in a frightened whisper to Frank. "There'll be broken heads among us before long."

Frank made no answer, so astonished was he at the sudden appearance of this woman. Scornfully she looked on the Englishmen before her, and, with a dark frown, asked them how they dared come into MacGregor's country. "Here!" she cried to the surrounding Highlanders, "bind the Saxon dogs together, and fling them into yonder loch!"

Bailie Nicol Jarvie started forward in great

alarm, and tried to speak a few words of peace to this terrible woman. He reminded her that her husband was his cousin, and was going to say how "glad he felt to see Helen;" which was a terrible fib on the part of the Bailie; but his polite speeches were stopped by the fierce question,—“What fellow are *you*, that dare to claim kindred with MacGregor, and neither wear his dress nor speak his language? What are *you*, that have the tongue and habit of the hound, and seek to lie down with the deer?”

The frightened Bailie was silent, and Helen was about to speak again, when a loud noise of mournful music, and cries of grief, came up the glen. In a few moments the two sons of MacGregor rushed up to their mother, and told her the dreadful news, that their father had been taken prisoner by King George's soldiers! Then the Highlanders began to groan and shriek, and roar like madmen, and the small English party drew close together, expecting to be murdered instantly. But, instead of noticing *them*, Helen turned to a Highlander standing near, and whispered an order to him in Gaelic. The man ran off, and soon came back, dragging with him a man bound hand and foot. The poor creature

screamed and struggled in the fierce grasp of the Highlander, and seemed mad with terror. What was Frank's astonishment to behold the well-known face of Morris! How he came there—why he was held prisoner—all was a mystery! But *one* thing was very clear, Helen MacGregor intended to put that man to death without delay. The miserable creature threw himself at her feet, and begged hard for his life, but the stern woman turned away with scorn, and told Morris he had betrayed her husband to his enemies, and should die at that moment by a death richly deserved by a base dog like him. She made a sign, and two men rushed forward. They seized Morris, tightly bound his hands and feet, hung a heavy stone to his neck, and dragged him towards the edge of the rock. As he passed, Morris saw Frank in the crowd, and shrieked, "Oh! Mr. Osbaldistone, save me—save me!"

Frank, though he expected to be killed himself, spoke bravely to Helen MacGregor, and entreated her to spare the life of the wretched man; but she turned her back on him in silence. The Highlanders again seized Morris, who set up the most awful and piercing cries for mercy. But there was no mercy for him.

His enemies dragged him a few steps farther, then lifted him high in the air, and with a savage shout of triumph flung him violently over the rock. Still shrieking, he fell splash into the deep lake beneath, sank to the bottom, and was drowned.

Frank and Mr. Jarvie looked at each other in horror and indignation, and the Bailie could not help muttering a few words of anger against the cruelty he had just seen.

"Then you do not fear to follow?" said the fierce voice of MacGregor's wife. "Tell me—were I to set you at liberty—what name would you give to the drowning of that Saxon dog?"

"Oh! hem, hem," stammered the Bailie, "I should try to say as little as possible—least said is soonest mended."

"But," insisted the woman, "if you were obliged to give an opinion in a court of justice, as they call it, what would you say?"

The Bailie looked right and left, as if he should like to run away, but as this was clearly out of the question, he gathered up all his courage, and, looking stoutly in Helen's face, said, "I tell you plainly, that sooner than say that yonder poor wretch was lawfully slaughtered, I would consent to be laid beside him."

This was perhaps the boldest speech Bailie Nicol Jarvie ever made in his life, for he fully expected to be flung after Morris.

Helen MacGregor, her eyes still shining with rage, ordered Frank to go to the English camp, a few miles off, and tell the Duke, now commanding the English army, that unless MacGregor were set free within the next twelve hours, every farm in the country should be burnt to the ground, and every "Saxon dog" of the party, now her prisoners, should be "chopped into as many pieces as there were checks in the tartan."

Captain Thornton, though he knew the savage woman would strictly keep her word, sent his compliments to the Duke, requesting him to do his duty and keep Rob Roy a prisoner. "Tell him," said the brave soldier, "if I have been fool enough to be led into an ambushade by these artful savages, I am wise enough to know how to die for it. I am only sorry for my poor fellows, who have fallen into such butcherly hands."

"Hush, hush!" said the Bailie; "are ye weary of your life? Ye'll just give my service to the commanding officer, Mr. Osbaldistone — Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service —

a magistrate of Glasgow, as his father the Deacon was before him, and tell him there are some honest men here in great trouble ; and the best thing he can do is to let Rob come his ways up the glen, and hae nae mair wark about it."

You see the Bailie was not so brave as the Captain, and did not like the notion of being "chopped in pieces."

Helen MacGregor asked Frank if he were afraid to take her message to the English camp? Frank said, No ; and then ventured to explain that he had come into the Highlands by her husband's own invitation and promises of friendship, and that his friend Mr. Jarvie had kindly accompanied him.

"And I wish Mr. Jarvie's boots had been full of boiling water when he drew them on for such a purpose," said the unhappy Bailie.

Before the story goes on, you may as well know why Morris was killed in that dreadful manner. It was all Rashleigh Osbaldistone's fault. A large sum of money had been offered by the King to anyone who would find Rob Roy ; and Rashleigh, wishing to get the money, had sent a false message by Morris, which had made Rob go to a place where a party of Eng-

lish soldiers were waiting to seize him. But when Morris brought the message, MacGregor refused to go unless Morris stayed with the Highlanders till his safe return. Of course, when the news came that Rob Roy was a prisoner in the hands of the English, Helen MacGregor thought Morris had purposely betrayed her husband, and took her horrible revenge, as you have heard. It was almost a pity she could not have caught and drowned Rashleigh Osbaldistone instead of the poor mean coward Morris, who was neither clever nor wicked enough to do much harm, and would have been sufficiently punished by a good beating.

Attended by Andrew, Frank set off with his three different messages, and soon arrived at the English camp. He made his way to the tent of the Duke, who received him very politely. When he and his officers heard of Captain Thornton's misfortune, they were greatly surprised and shocked. Frank solemnly assured them that, unless Rob Roy were set free, the Captain, the Bailie, and the English soldiers, would certainly be murdered by the MacGregors. The Duke, looking very unhappy, answered he was truly grieved for the brave and unfortunate

men now in the power of that savage woman ; but that setting MacGregor at liberty was out of the question—*he must die*. Saying this, the Duke turned away from Frank, and commanded the robber to be brought before him.

Frank now saw his friend MacGregor for the first time in full Highland dress. His tartans, blowing about in the wind, showed his great bare knees, which were covered with short red hair like the knees of a Highland bull. His thick red hair and beard, and his ruddy face, showed well how he had gained the name of "Roy," or "Red." His arms were tied down to his sides, and he walked between two soldiers, each carrying a loaded gun, ready to shoot him if he tried to escape. But for all this the mountain robber looked as bold and careless as ever. He bowed to the Duke, and nodded, smiling, to those he knew in the crowd, and stared with surprise when he caught sight of Frank Osbaldistone.

The Duke, angry at MacGregor's impudent manner, sternly told him to attend to the sentence now passed upon him. He was to die the next day, and the Duke advised him to lay aside all hope of pardon or escape, for there was not the slightest chance of either.

In answer to these terrible words Rob Roy laughed in the Duke's face, and told him he meant to get out of this scrape somehow, and cheerfully bade his Grace good-bye, as the soldiers led him back.

Orders were then given for the camp to break up ; and as the soldiers would have to cross a river, the Duke commanded MacGregor to mount a horse behind the saddle of one of the troopers. A thick strap of leather was then drawn round both men, and fastened with a strong buckle on the breast of the trooper. Then the Duke gave the word, and the whole party moved forward. The trumpets were blown till the rocks echoed again and again, and the horsemen rode on at a brisk trot, till they halted on the banks of the river. Frank, who rode close to Rob Roy, heard him whisper to Ewan the trooper : " Your father would never have carried an old friend to be killed like a calf, for all the Dukes in the world." Ewan, who was a Scotchman, and was very sorry for Rob, only shook his head and groaned, for how could *he* help obeying the Duke's orders ? Rob knew he was sorry, and went on begging Ewan to cut the strap and give him a chance of escape ; and Frank heard every word he said, and was determined not to

interfere, for in his heart he hoped Rob Roy would escape.

Suddenly they heard the Duke's voice shouting from the opposite bank, "Bring over the prisoner." Frank heard a crack of cut leather and a splash, and saw Rob Roy dive under the horse next him and rise on the other side. Away he went, swimming down the river like a fish, while the Duke in a rage fired a pistol at Ewan's head, and shouted he would give a hundred guineas to any man who caught Rob Roy.

The soldiers spurred their horses and galloped wildly along the banks after the swimming robber, firing at every speck they saw in the water, hoping to hit him. But MacGregor was too sharp for them. He pulled off his plaid, which floated down the stream, and laughed to himself as he heard the guns go bang! bang! at that, while he swam away swiftly and unseen, leaving his pursuers to fire, and shout, and chase his plaid, as long as they pleased. At last, wet, wearied, and disappointed, the soldiers gave up the chase and returned to their places, without any one winning the hundred guineas, and the Duke without the prize he once fancied so secure. In the confusion and darkness Frank did not exactly

know whether to go on with the English army or to return to his friends in the mountains. Suddenly he heard a voice unpleasantly near him, shouting—"Where is the English stranger?—It was he gave Rob Roy the knife to cut the belt." The angry soldiers, ready enough to revenge themselves on any one who had helped their prize to escape, joined in the cry, and hallooed to each other to shoot or cut down the stranger if they could find him. Frank waited to hear no more. He jumped from his horse, and hiding himself in some thick bushes till the soldiers were gone, he turned back on foot towards the mountains. As Rob Roy had escaped, he thought he might as well seek poor Mr. Jarvie and the others, and tell them they were safe, and would not be "chopped in pieces." As he went along he began to whistle, and to his great surprise somebody whistled the same tune close to his ear. He turned, and saw Diana Vernon on a pony close beside him. An old gentleman was with her, also on horseback, but he did not speak except once, to bid Diana make haste and come away. Diana stooped from her pony to tell Frank she was going away to another country, and would never see him again.

There were tears in her bright dark eyes as she said these sad words ; and as for Frank, he was so amazed to see Miss Vernon there at all in that wild place, so late at night, with that strange man, and, above all, saying good-bye to him *for ever*, he could not speak. She turned her pony's head, and waving her hand, rode swiftly over the moor, while Frank stood still, watching till she and her companion were out of sight.

Frank went on—wondering and sorrowful. A loud brisk voice behind him made him start ; “A fine night, Mr. Osbaldistone,” said Mac-Gregor—for he it was. He had scrambled safely to shore, and was now hastening merrily back to the mountains.

Frank was heartily glad to see him again, and as they went along together Rob Roy told him how he had been taken prisoner. He knew quite well it was Rashleigh Osbaldistone's doing, and vowed that if ever he met that man again he would stab the false villain to the heart. As to the poor creature Morris, Rob said he was not worth punishing, and good-naturedly added he hoped Helen and the Mac-Gregors had let him alone.

“Ah ! Mr. Campbell,” said Frank mourn-

fully, "Morris will never again do good or harm in this world. He was put to death after the fight was over."

"Put to death!" said Rob, "what do you mean? Do not 'Mr. Campbell' me. My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor!"

Then Frank told him all the dreadful story of the murder of Morris, and MacGregor was very sorry and much displeased, for, with all his faults, he was not a cruel man, nor willing to allow cruelty in his followers. He walked quickly on, with an angry downcast face, and they soon came in sight of the place where the English party were stationed, closely guarded by MacGregor's wife and her servants. Directly Rob Roy's well-known face was seen, the glen echoed with shouts and screams of joy and welcome, and the wild Highlanders crowded round their beloved chief, seizing his hands and half-smothering him with their noisy affection.

When quietness was a little restored, MacGregor released Captain Thornton and the English soldiers and sent them back with a safe guide.

Baillie Nicol Jarvie had taken shelter in the same small cottage where the night before he had fought so valorously with the red-hot poker.

MacGregor found him sitting by the fire, looking very melancholy. He shook hands with Rob, remarking, in a dismal tone, he was glad of MacGregor's escape.

"Well, then," said Rob cheerily, "what ails ye, man? 'All's well that ends well.' Cheer up and take a cup of brandy."

The Bailie took a sip or two of the offered brandy; but, instead of "cheering up," looked at his rough cousin with a mournful shake of the head; and MacGregor again asked him, laughing, what in the world was the matter.

The matter was this. To begin with—Mr. Jarvie was much displeased at the rudeness of Helen MacGregor towards him, her husband's friend and cousin. At this complaint against his wife MacGregor's face grew dark, so the Bailie thought it wiser to leave that subject alone, remembering, as he did, that peculiar custom of the Highlanders of drowning or stabbing people who offended them. He next spoke of the two boys, the sons of MacGregor, and explained to their father how shocked he was to find, on talking to them, that they could neither read nor write, nor say the multiplication table.

"Where was their learning to come from?"

said MacGregor. "Would ye have me put up on the gate of Glasgow College, 'Wanted a tutor for Rob Roy's bairns!'"

"No," said Mr. Jarvie; "but you might send them where they could learn an honest trade. I myself would gladly take them as apprentices at the loom, as I began myself, and my father before me."

MacGregor started up in a rage. "My sons *weavers!*" shouted he, striding backwards and forwards in the hut—"weavers! I would see every loom in Glasgow, beam and shuttles, burnt first."

The Bailie said no more on the subject of education, but informed his alarming relative he should be glad to return to Glasgow as soon as possible; and MacGregor, finding Frank was also eager to go, ordered a boat to be got ready for them, as, by crossing the lake, their journey would be much shorter. He told Frank he would find his father in Glasgow. Rob Roy parted in friendship, after all, with the good Bailie, and assured him, as he held Mr. Jarvie by one hand, and grasped his sword in the other, that "if ever anybody should affront his kinsman, he, MacGregor, would with pleasure pull the ears out of his head, were he the

best man in Glasgow." Frank, as he shook hands with the strange kind robber, felt sorry to say good-bye, and as the boat went slowly across the lake, Rob Roy stood waving his hand till they could see him no longer.

They soon arrived in Glasgow, and Bailie Nicol Jarvie rejoiced greatly to find himself once more in his dear native town all safe and sound, and neither shot nor drowned, nor "chopped in pieces" by those wild screaming Highlanders, amongst whom he had been foolish enough to venture.

Frank found his father in Glasgow, and they were so very glad to meet again they forgot they had not parted good friends; and Mr. Osbaldistone told Frank he had been able to get back the greater part of the money stolen by Rashleigh. The kind Bailie made Mr. Osbaldistone and Frank stay at his house all the time they were in Glasgow, but they very soon went back to London, accompanied by Owen.

Some months passed quietly away, during which Frank heard nothing of the family at Osbaldistone Hall; and he often wondered what they were all doing, and where Diana was, and whether he should ever see the old

Hall again. But all this time he was very busy, and worked hard to help his father ; and Owen was surprised to see how, day after day, Frank, who hated accounts, sat steadily at his desk, arranging papers, reckoning bills, and doing his best to make up for his own neglect and the dishonesty of his cousin Rashleigh.

About this time great disturbances broke out in England and Scotland. The Jacobites, as those people were called who wished King James to reign, fought battle after battle with the other people who declared King George to be the rightful Sovereign. Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone and all his sons, except Rashleigh, were Jacobites ; and before very long the brave old Squire was wounded and brought to London, and shut up in prison. Hearing this, Frank hastened to visit his uncle, who had once been so kind to him. The old knight was glad to see his nephew, and Frank eagerly asked for news of his cousins. He heard a sorrowful account of that once noisy, merry party. Thorncliff, Percie, and Dick were dead. Thorncliff had been slain in a duel, Percie had died of fever, and Dick had been killed by a fall from his horse. John had been severely wounded in battle, and was now in prison, but

whether he and his brother Wilfred were alive or dead, the old Knight could not tell.

The poor old Squire spoke tenderly and sorrowfully of his unfortunate children ; but when Rashleigh's name was mentioned, Sir Hildebrand's face grew dark with anger, and he refused to call that wicked man his son. Rashleigh had not only deserted the Jacobites, but had betrayed their secrets, and had caused many of his father's friends to be imprisoned and put to death. And he was a thief as well as traitor, for he had stolen money from Mr. Osbaldistone's house in London, bringing shame on the whole family.

To show his opinion of this disgraceful conduct, Sir Hildebrand, before leaving the North, had made his will, in which he disinherited Rashleigh, and declared Frank heir to Osbaldistone Hall, after the death of the five elder sons ; though of course the poor old man did not then expect to lose his children so quickly.

Sir Hildebrand never came out of prison, but died there. Frank never left him, but supported and comforted his uncle to the last. John Osbaldistone also died in prison ; and Wilfred was slain in battle. The wicked Rashleigh, who had never once visited his dying

father, now took the title of Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and hastened into Northumberland to claim the house and lands.

Frank knew nothing of this, for he had heard nothing of Rashleigh for a long time. His father advised him to go at once to Osbaldistone Hall, and find out whether he was to have the house or not, as it was not altogether likely Rashleigh would give up his claim.

So once more did Frank Osbaldistone, as at the beginning of the story, travel northwards on horseback, and once more was he riding alone and coming in sight of Osbaldistone Hall. But what a change was there! As he came near he almost expected to hear the cry of the hounds, the rush of galloping hunters, the merry notes of the horn, and, best of all, to see the beautiful graceful figure of Diana Vernon and her laughing face, jumping the fence and calling on him to follow!

But no! all was silent; the doors and windows closed—weeds and grass growing in the courtyard—not a voice to be heard of welcome or laughter—for the voices of the brave old knight and his sturdy sons were still for ever.

Frank checked his horse and looked mournfully around him. He cared nothing then for

being master of Osbaldistone Hall, but grieved for those who were dead, and wished they could all come back. He thought most of all of Diana. Where could she possibly be now? Would he ever see her again?

He knocked at the door, and the old butler, who had never left the house, opened it with a grave and respectful welcome. He led the way to the library, where there was a good fire, and Frank threw himself into an arm-chair, where he had often and often sat before, and leant his head on his hand. A noise at the far end of the room roused him. He raised and turned his head, and—Diana Vernon stood before him. She was not alone, for beside her was the old gentleman who had ridden with her that night across the Highland moor. He was Diana's father, Sir Frederick Vernon. Seeing Frank's look of puzzled astonishment, he told him the whole story, to account for the unexpected appearance of himself and his daughter.

Some time before Frank came to the Hall, Sir Frederick Vernon had been hiding there. He was known to be a leader among the Jacobites, and the friends of King George were very eager to find him and put him in prison. However, he remained safely hidden, as the

old house had a secret chamber close to the library, and in this chamber Sir Frederick lived. Diana, of course, knew of her father's concealment, and so did Sir Hildebrand ; but nobody else knew the secret except Rashleigh. That wicked man wished Diana to become his wife, and when she refused to do so (for she detested him), he threatened to betray her father's hiding-place. This went on for some time, as Rashleigh hoped he should frighten Diana into changing her mind ; but when Frank appeared at Osbaldistone Hall, Rashleigh perceived with rage that Diana liked him best. From that time he did all he could to hurt and injure Frank ; and at last, to revenge himself on Diana, Rashleigh gave notice to the spies of King George, that the well-known Jacobite, Sir Frederick Vernon, could be found and seized at Osbaldistone Hall. Fortunately, hearing of this in time, the father and daughter fled together, assisted by MacGregor, who loved King James with all his heart, and would have done anything to help a Jacobite. Diana and her father hoped to get to France ; but finding all boats leaving England were closely watched, they turned back, and hearing of the fate of Sir Hildebrand and his sons, ventured again to

the now empty Hall, hoping no one would think it worth while to look for them there. But now Frank Osbaldistone had come, Sir Frederick and his brave daughter made up their minds to leave at once rather than bring him into trouble for sheltering them ; and, besides that, they feared Rashleigh himself would most likely come to the Hall, declare himself possessor of the whole place, and betray them into the hands of their enemies.

Frank listened in sorrow to Sir Frederick Vernon's tale, looking at Diana, whose beautiful face was far paler and thinner than when he saw it last. He begged them to stay quietly at the Hall for at least that night ; and then they could make some plan for getting safely out of the country.

But they little knew how near their enemy was. Sir Frederick and Diana left the library, and Frank sat sadly by the fire thinking over past days, and at last nearly falling asleep in the old arm-chair. A loud knocking at the hall-door made him start up. He hurried out, and found the old butler unfastening the bolts and locks, while rough loud voices outside bade him make haste or the door should be broken in. The next moment, in walked Sir Rashleigh

Osbaldistone, followed by several men, amongst whom was a police-officer loudly inquiring for "a woman named Diana Vernon, and her father Frederick Vernon, Jacobites and traitors !"

The base Rashleigh looked in Frank's face with a sneer. He thought his victory complete *now*, and directed the officer to go straight to the room next the library, where he would find the people he sought. The man soon returned, bringing his prisoners.

Frank's anger now broke out, and he sternly reproached Rashleigh for his deceitful cruelty, and for the wicked life he had spent in doing all the harm he could to his nearest relations.

Diana's grief for her father prevented her saying much, but she told Rashleigh the time would come when even he would repent of his cruelty to those who had never harmed him.

Rashleigh made no answer, but ordered his servants to get ready a carriage in which the prisoners could be safely taken away, and told Frank with a wicked smile he was a prisoner too, for "sheltering Jacobites," and would have to go off at once in the custody of the police-officers.

Poor Sir Hildebrand's old-fashioned carriage with four horses came to the door. The three prisoners and an officer were placed inside, and

Rashleigh and the other men followed on horseback. The carriage rumbled heavily down the avenue, but soon came to a stop. A number of cattle were lying on the road, and some men with them. A little farther on, were felled trunks of trees, lying about in all directions, so that no carriage could pass ; and Frank, who could see everything from his side of the carriage, began to think some friend was helping them.

Two of the horsemen dismounted, and began with their whips to drive the cattle off the road. "Who dares abuse our cattle?" said a rough voice. "Shoot him, Angus." Rashleigh galloped forward, fired a pistol at the man, and wounded him. The other men, who were all Highlanders, sprang from the ground and drew their swords. At this, most of the horsemen turned back, and galloped off, not caring enough for Rashleigh to fight for him. But Rashleigh jumped from his horse, and, rushing forward sword in hand, fought desperately with the leader of the band, while Frank watched them eagerly from his carriage window.

At last Rashleigh dropped. "Will ye not ask forgiveness for the sake of King James and old friendship?" said the voice of Rob Roy, standing over the fallen man. "No, never!"

fiercely answered Rashleigh. "Then die, traitor," exclaimed MacGregor, and plunged his sword into Rashleigh's body. Frank shuddered as he saw it, and remembered MacGregor's words on the heath, that "when next they met he would stab the false villain to the heart."

MacGregor then came up to the carriage, opened the door, and helped Diana and her father out. He whispered to Frank, "Mr. Osbaldistone, you have nothing to fear; your friends will soon be in safety. Farewell, and forget not the MacGregor. He whistled sharply, and his men gathered round him, and hurrying Diana and Sir Frederick with them, they were soon out of sight. Frank knew they were safe now, as Rob Roy would protect them till they were able to leave England. He turned to look at the dying Rashleigh, who lay on the ground bleeding from the mortal wound of MacGregor's sword. They lifted him and carried him gently back to the Hall, where they tried to stop the bleeding and save his life. But it was all in vain—he fell back with a groan, and in a few moments the last of the North-country Osbaldistones was dead.

Frank Osbaldistone returned to London, glad to leave for a time the place where so many

sorrowful things had happened. He very soon heard good news of Diana, who, with her father, escaped safely to France, helped by MacGregor and his friends. For a year or two the father and daughter lived quietly in France, and at last Sir Frederick died, thanking and blessing his dutiful child for all her tender care. Hearing that now Diana was all alone, Frank went to France, and asked her to come back with him as his wife, and live once more at Osbaldistone Hall. Diana consented, for she loved Frank as dearly as he loved her; and many were the happy years they spent together.


They never saw Rob Roy again, but often heard of his wild adventures, and were sorry that a man whose heart was so really good and kind should lead the desperate and unlawful life of a mountain robber. Old Andrew Fairservice, who always lived at the Hall, used to say there were people in the world "too bad for praising, and too good for blaming, like Rob Roy."

The cross upon his shoulders borne
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn ;
Each dint upon his battered shield
Was token of a foughten field.

The Crusader's Return.



THE TALISMAN.

N the story of Ivanhoe you heard a great deal about King Richard I ; and this story is also of the same brave king, and how he and his Red-cross Knights fought in the Holy Land against the Saracens or Turks, who, under the command of their Sultan, Saladin, had taken possession of Jerusalem. Saladin was a brave, wise man, but he and his subjects were not Christians ; therefore it was considered by all the Christian kings and princes of Europe a very shameful thing that the Holy City should remain in the power of infidels.

So Richard, King of England, and Philip King of France, and Leopold, Duke of Austria, and many others, joined their armies together and went to the Holy Land, to drive the Saracens from the country. These wars were called

Crusades, and every Crusader carried the mark of a red cross on his armour. The fame of the Red-cross Knights, and their many valiant deeds, has lasted through hundreds of years, and *will* last so long as any history is written at all.

One hot day, in Syria, a Scottish knight, bearing the device of a leopard on his shield, rode slowly across the sandy desert. He was dressed in heavy armour, and even his horse was nearly covered with shining steel; and both horse and rider were very weary with their journey under the burning sun.

The knight, looking forward, saw with great pleasure a green spot of ground not far off, and coming nearer, saw two or three palm-trees standing together on a soft piece of grass, through which a bright stream of water flowed, sparkling and bubbling under the cool shade of the trees. This was the "Diamond of the Desert"—so named by the Arabs—for that little stream, in its green bed, sparkled like a diamond in the sunshine; and the shade and coolness of the spot were far more precious than the costliest diamond to the weary and thirsty traveller of the desert.

The knight hastened on, anxious to rest and

refresh himself ; but before he quite reached the grass, a Turkish soldier on horseback started from amongst the trees, and galloped forward with levelled lance. The knight made ready, and a furious fight took place, which ended in the Crusader striking the Saracen from his horse. He rolled on the sand, losing his turban, his sword, and his quiver of arrows. Starting up from the ground, he called his horse, which came trotting quietly up and stood still to be mounted. The Turk then shouted to the knight that he would fight no more. The knight, who just then wished for nothing but rest, willingly agreed for peace, and the two warriors, dismounting, allowed their horses to feed quietly on the grass, and sat down together under the trees of the Diamond of the Desert.

The knight, before resting himself, took great care of his steed. He lifted some of the heavy armour from his back, and drew off the bridle, so that the horse might more comfortably crop the grass and drink the sweet fresh water. The Saracen watched him, and said—

“Your strong horse deserves your care ; but what do you in the desert with an animal which sinks over the fetlock at every step in the sand ?”

"Thou speakest rightly, Saracen," was the knight's answer ; "rightly, according to thy knowledge. But my good horse hath carried me in my own land over a wide lake, and did not wet one hair above his hoof."

Now, of course, *we* know that the Scottish soldier spoke of the ice which so often covered the lakes of his country ; but the Saracen's lips smiled in disbelief under his black moustache ; for in his burning land such a thing as a frozen lake had never been seen or heard of. The knight did not care for his unbelief—in fact, thought himself to blame for having spoken about frozen water to a stranger who could not possibly understand such a thing ; therefore no more was said about ice, and the two began to bring forth their provisions, for both were hungry and thirsty. There was a curious difference in their food. The Saracen ate a few dates and a morsel of coarse barley-bread. Having eaten these, he took a draught from the stream close by, and his meal was ended. The crusader ate a good piece of pork, and taking a leathern bottle from his side, drank wine more than once before his thirst was satisfied.

The Saracen looked quite shocked ; for both swine's flesh and wine are strictly forbidden by

the Turkish religion ; and after staring at the knight for some time in silence, he at last ventured to ask him if he really thought such horrible food—fit only for a dog or a wolf—was proper for a brave soldier.

The Christian knight answered, he and his countrymen had been taught to believe it right to eat *all* good things in moderation ; and he finished his speech by taking another hearty draught from the leathern bottle ; and returned thanks.

Having thoroughly rested, both Christian and Saracen rose from the grass, and calling their horses, busied themselves in getting them ready for their onward journey. In talking, they found they were both going to the same place, to visit the same person. Engaddi was the name of the place, and in a cave near there lived a hermit, known as Theodorick of Engaddi, to whom the Christian knight had a message to deliver. The Saracen was able to show the knight the best and shortest way to Engaddi, and his company would have been very pleasant as they rode over the dreary sand, had he not chosen to spend the time in singing all kinds of foolish songs. Sir Kenneth, the Scottish knight, was much vexed at the noise made by the Saracen, and more than once

begged him either to talk quietly or hold his tongue. He asked his name, and the Saracen said he was called Sheerkohf, and was one of a noble family. But Sheerkohf soon began to sing again, and as they drew nearer the hermit's cave the songs became louder and more foolish than before.

Suddenly a tall wild-looking man, clad only in rough goatskins, and with long shaggy hair streaming in the wind, started from behind a large rock, and springing upon the Saracen caught him by the throat and pulled him to the ground.

Sheerkohf was so taken by surprise he rolled on the sand without a struggle, and the man in goatskins snatched his dagger from him and held it aloft, as if about to stab the fallen man.

But Kenneth now came forward, and with his powerful arm kept the wild man back while the Saracen rose to his feet. The wild man screamed that the "infidel" deserved to die that moment for daring to sing his foolish songs close to a Christian's dwelling. Kenneth, in surprise, asked the name of this very strange-looking "Christian."

"I am Theodorick of Engaddi," was the

figure's answer ;—"a dweller in the desert—a friend of Christians, and a foe to infidels."

The knight then explained to Theodorick that they had come to pay him a visit, and expected a welcome—not an attack.

Sheerkohf, who was still angry at his unexpected tumble, muttered something about knocking off Theodorick's mad head if he dared touch him again ; but Kenneth, who was anxious for peace, persuaded the Saracen to take no more notice of such crazy conduct, and told the man in goatskins he must not attempt to hurt the Saracen again.

Theodorick at last consented to behave peaceably, and led the way to his cave. He invited his guests to seat themselves, and spread out provisions before them. The three supped comfortably together, and sat talking about the crusade, and many other things, till late at night. The Knight of the Leopard noticed that although the Saracen had said his name was "Sheerkohf," Theodorick called him "Ilderim," and seemed to know him well. Kenneth suspected both names to be false, and asked the Saracen to tell him his real name.

"In the tent of my father," was the answer, "my name was Ilderim ; in the field and to

soldiers I am known as the Lion of the Mountain ; but hush—it is time to go to rest.”

Sir Kenneth wished very much to know the real name of his new friend ; but being a courteous gentleman he asked no more questions, and very soon was fast asleep on a small bed provided by the hermit.

The next morning, after having delivered a message to Theodorick, about which you will hear more as the story goes on, the Knight of the Leopard bade farewell to the cave of the desert, and, leaving the Saracen still fast asleep, took his way back to the English camp.

The camp was a collection of many tents, in which dwelt the soldiers of the crusade. There were many hundreds of these white tents, which could be easily moved and carried as the great army travelled on. At this time the English camp had remained in the same place many days, for the King of England was very ill with a burning fever, and was obliged to lie still on his bed, instead of mounting his war-horse and leading his soldiers to battle.

This illness did not improve King Richard's temper, which was always violent ; and at times he was so furious that no one dared go near him, except one Norman baron, Sir Thomas de Vaux,

who loved the King and nursed him tenderly through his sickness, caring nothing for his fretful angry words. But the Baron de Vaux noticed with grief and alarm that the King was becoming daily weaker, and that nothing the doctors gave him seemed to do him the least good.

One day—the same on which Sir Kenneth of the Leopard returned to the camp—King Richard lay on his bed feverish and restless, rolling from side to side, complaining of everything and everybody near him ;—groaning at having to stay there,—scolding the Baron de Vaux,—and, above all, wondering how the crusade would get on without him. His bed was covered with two magnificent lion-skins, and close to his pillow stood a mighty battle-axe, so large and heavy that none but Cœur de Lion could use it. On a small table near was his crown of gold. But neither lion-skins, nor axe, nor crown, gave pleasure to the sick monarch. The heavy skins made him more hot and uncomfortable ; he could wear no crown on his aching head ; nor could his now feeble arm brandish his battle-axe in the face of his enemies. Besides all this, he increased his fever by worrying himself about Philip of France and Leopold of Austria, and the other Princes, who, while he lay there help-

less, might march on with their armies and win the Holy City.

Sir Thomas de Vaux at last remembered something that gave his royal master a little comfort. He had heard that day of a Saracen physician who had come to the camp with a wonderful Talisman, with which, it was said, he had cured a servant of Sir Kenneth of Scotland, who had been ill with the same kind of fever as that from which the King was suffering. Richard, much pleased, ordered the physician to be sent for instantly, and Sir Thomas went out in haste to seek him. He went straight to the tent of the Scottish Knight, and there found the squire, who was ill, lying on his bed, and a Turkish physician sitting cross-legged on a cushion beside the bed. Half his face was covered with a long black beard, which hung down over his breast, and on his head was a high cap, which hid so much of the upper part of his face that, in that dark room, it was impossible to guess what the doctor was like.

The Baron de Vaux told the doctor to leave the squire, and come with him to the tent of the King of England. The Saracen physician answered he would cure the poor servant before he attended on any king, and bade the proud

English baron wait and see how the patient was treated. He pulled out a small silver cup, which he filled with water—then drew out a small silk bag, out of which he dropped something into the cup. After watching it for five minutes he gave the cup to the squire. "Drink," said he—"sleep; and wake free from thy malady."

Now what the doctor put into that silver cup nobody knew, except that it was what he called his "Talisman."

All this time King Richard, growing impatient at being left alone, called to his attendants, and commanded them to seek Sir Kenneth of Scotland and send him to the royal tent. The knight came at once, and the king asked him why he had taken that journey across the desert to the cave of the Hermit of Engaddi.

This question rather alarmed the knight, for he knew well that the answer would enrage the passionate King, and so probably increase his fever. Richard, seeing him hesitate, angrily repeated his question, and Sir Kenneth was obliged to tell him the truth. He had taken a message from the other princes of the crusade, asking the advice of the Hermit as to the best manner of giving up the crusade altogether. The Hermit, in spite of his seeming madness,

was considered very wise and clever in some things, and the princes who sent the message thought it an excellent opportunity of getting rid of the crusade (of which they were very tired) while the King of England was obliged to remain quiet.

Sir Kenneth's answer put the King in a fearful passion. He asked the knight how he *dared* take any such message without the consent of the King of England. The knight replied he had only obeyed the orders of the princes who had sent him. Richard declared in his rage that the princes of the crusade were a set of traitors; and that if they turned their cowardly backs upon the Holy Land—he and his English army would still go forward—march to the very walls of Jerusalem—and tear the Holy City from the hands of Saladin and his infidel Turks.

While the King was talking in this furious manner, and very much increasing his fever, a noise of footsteps was heard outside the tent. Presently the Baron de Vaux entered, followed by the Saracen physician, the Bishop of Tyre, the Grand Master of the Templars, and Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat. These great people having heard the fame of the Turkish doctor,

had come to visit the King and see for themselves whether the physician would cure him.

Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, was a wicked deceitful man, and so was Sir Giles Amaury, the Grand Master. Neither of these wished the King to recover, and, pretending great fear lest the Saracen's medicine should do him harm, they tried to persuade Richard to refuse the draught. The King, however, laughed at them; bidding the doctor come forward and do as he pleased. Again the silver cup was filled, and the Talisman applied to the pure water. King Richard raised the cup to his lips—drank to the last drop—sank back on his pillow—and fell asleep.

Then the royal tent was cleared. Every one went away, except the Baron de Vaux, who stayed to watch the sleeping king. The Grand Master of the Templars and the Marquis of Montserrat walked back to their tents together, speaking evil things of Richard—hoping he would die of his fever—and then they could give up the crusade and go home. The Master of the Templars, who was the worse of the two, wished to murder the king, and then give out to the soldiers that the doctor's medicine had poisoned him. Conrade would not consent to

this ; but he thought it would be a good plan to make a quarrel between the king and princes of the crusade, so that they should refuse to allow their armies to fight, or even travel together ; and the King of England would then find it impossible to remain any longer in the Holy Land.

So the plan of mischief was laid, and the Marquis of Montserrat, bidding farewell to his wicked companion, went straight to the tent of Leopold, Duke of Austria, whom he found at dinner with a large party of German nobles, singing songs in a boisterous manner, making a great noise, and all drinking far too much wine. The Duke sat at the head of the table, splendidly dressed in velvet and ermine, and his feet, cased in long peaked velvet shoes, rested on a footstool of solid silver. He was served by kneeling pages—he ate from a silver plate—and drank his wine from a goblet of gold. But all this magnificence could not make the Duke of Austria look like a *gentleman*. His face was sullen—his manners awkward—and the disagreeable nature of the man could not be hidden by any dress, however splendid—no, not even by the ducal coronet of gold he wore on his head.

When the graceful handsome figure of the Marquis of Montserrat appeared at the entrance of the tent, the Duke bade him welcome, and Conrade, full of his mischievous plans, sat down beside the Duke—accepted a goblet of wine, and while sipping he began to talk to Leopold and his nobles about the crusade. He spoke of the King of England with much pretended respect, but remarked how very wrong it was of Richard to boast of being so far above the other leaders of the crusading army in bravery.

Leopold, who was (as Conrade knew) half tipsy, flew into a passion, "Mean you seriously, my lord?" said he; "think you that Richard of England asserts any pre-eminence over the free sovereigns, his allies in this Crusade?"

The deceitful Marquis answered, "Yonder hangs his banner alone in the midst of our camp, as if he were King and Generalissimo of our whole Christian army. Of course," he added, "if Philip of France and Leopold of Austria choose to submit to this, it cannot concern me, who am only the poor Marquis of Montserrat."

The Duke of Austria clenched his huge fist and struck it on the table. "*I submit!*" shouted he. "*I, the Archduke of Austria! I submit to*

- this king of half an island! No, no. Up! my merry men all—up, and follow me! We will, without losing an instant, place the Eagle of Austria where she shall float as high as ever floated the banner of a king!”

So saying the Duke started from his seat amid the cheers and shouts of his nobles, and seizing his own banner, which stood at the door of his tent, hurried out, followed by a train of Germans, all eager to know what their Duke would dare to do, and all ready to support him in any insult he might offer to the pride of England.

There was a large mound of earth in the centre of the camp, which the English soldiers had named St. George's Mount. On this the flag of England had been planted; and up to this time, so great had been the fame of Richard Cœur de Lion and his valiant deeds, that all the other princes had been well content to see the English banner waving there alone on the top of the mount. Leopold himself had often seen it there; and had it not been for his own tipsy condition, and the wicked words of the Marquis, would have left the banner untouched. But now the case was different. The Duke went up to the spear on which the flag was fixed, and put out his hand to uproot it from

the ground, intending to fling it down and plant his own in its place. His frightened followers, however, interfered, and persuaded him to leave the English banner where it was, and be content with planting the flag of Austria close beside it. This was accordingly done, and the Duke, well satisfied, sent for a cask of wine, and ordered loud music to strike up; and he and his friends, seating themselves around the banners, began to drink and sing, and make a riot on St. George's Mount, that at last alarmed the whole Christian camp.

All this time the King of England had been sleeping peacefully under the effect of the wonderful Talisman; but the sound from St. George's Mount at last awakened him. He opened his eyes, and the faithful Baron de Vaux perceived with joy how much the long quiet sleep had refreshed and strengthened his beloved master. Richard sat up on his bed, exclaiming that the fever had left him, and told Sir Thomas he should like to give all the money he had in the world to the good and clever physician. At this moment Conrade of Montserrat entered; for having succeeded so well in half his plan, he now came to stir up the King against the Duke.

Putting on a face of extreme respect and affection, he said how glad he was to see the King so much better. Richard, who by this time was wide awake, did not pay much attention to the compliments of the Marquis, but asked, rather angrily, what all that noise meant outside. Conrade answered carelessly, it was *only* Leopold, Duke of Austria, and his tipsy German followers, pulling down the banner of England, and displaying their own in its stead.

"WHAT sayest thou?" exclaimed the fiery King, in a tone that made all present start and tremble.

"Nay," said the Marquis, in his smoothest voice, "let it not anger your Highness that"—

"Speak not to me," said Richard, springing from his bed; "speak not to me, Lord Marquis. De Vaux, I command thee speak not a word to me. He that breathes a word is no friend to Richard Plantagenet!" He snatched up his clothes,—huddled them on in a manner that would have made them all laugh had they not been too frightened,—seized his great sword, and rushed out of the tent, hurrying on towards St. George's Mount. De Vaux followed his master, roughly pushing past Conrade of Montserrat, who had made all the mischief,

and giving hasty orders as he went that the King's guard should instantly follow. Kenneth of Scotland saw them pass, and rushed after them, and in a few minutes the King, with only these two attendants, arrived at the foot of the Mount. Bursting through the noisy crowd that surrounded the flags, the enraged King of England stood still at last, face to face with the astonished Duke of Austria.

"Who has dared," said the King in a voice of thunder, "to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

The Duke was no coward, and replied, "It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then," said Richard, "shall Leopold of Austria see the rate at which his banner is held by Richard of England." So saying, he pulled up the spear which supported Austria's flag—splintered it to pieces—threw the banner itself on the ground, and set his foot upon it. "Thus," said he, "do I trample on the banner of Austria. Is there any among the German knights dare blame my deed?"

"I," and "I," and "I," was shouted by many voices among the Germans; and one of them, Earl Wallenrode, advanced sword in hand, and struck the King a blow that might have slain

him, had not the Knight of the Leopard caught the stroke on his shield. Richard seized the German by the waist,—lifted the heavy man in his arms,—and sent him skimming through the air over the heads of the people. Wallenrode fell like a log on the side of the mount, and rolling to the bottom, lay still as if he were dead.

By this time there was uproar all over the camp. The English soldiers came hurrying up to their King—the Austrians crowded round their Duke—English and Austrians exchanged frowns and angry words—swords and bright lances were flourished, and all seemed ready for a great fight.

But now appeared another person. Philip, King of France, rode up with a train of attendants, and looking with amazement at the half-dressed King of England standing trampling on the flag of Austria, in the presence of the Duke, asked what had happened to occasion this awful disturbance.

“Majesty of France,” said the Duke, half-choked with rage, “I appeal to you and every sovereign prince against the foul indignity I have sustained. This King of England hath pulled down my banner, torn, and trampled on it.”

"Because he had the insolence to plant it beside mine," was the passionate reply of Richard.

The King of France was a wise man, and spoke gravely to the two princes before him. He advised them to make up this unhappy quarrel, reminding them that the warriors of the crusade had come to the Holy Land *not* to fight with each other, but to drive the Saracens from Jerusalem.

King Richard, who, perhaps, was rather ashamed of his passion, declared himself ready to be friends with the Duke, if Leopold would promise to leave the flag of England to wave alone on the mount; and the Duke of Austria, who would never have thought of meddling with the banner had it not been for the words of the Marquis of Montserrat, and his own tipsiness, sulkily took the French King's advice, and frowning at the King of England, left the mount, followed by his friends.

The King looked around him. "I must not leave this banner unguarded in the darkness. Valiant Scot," said he to Sir Kenneth, "there stands the banner of England! Watch it—stir not from it three spears' length. Sound thy bugle if attacked by more than three at once. Dost thou undertake the charge?"

"Willingly," said Kenneth; "I will but arm me, and return instantly."

Then the Baron de Vaux entreated King Richard to go back without delay to his tent, for though his fever was gone, the King's strength was not perfect, and he began to feel weary and exhausted after all this riot.

The Knight of the Leopard had a favourite and beautiful dog—a staghound, called Roswal. The dog was admired by the whole camp for his size, beauty, and strength. Sir Kenneth loved Roswal, and chose him as the companion of his watch on St. George's Mount. When night came Roswal laid himself down close to the flagstaff, and the knight marched slowly up and down, his armour shining in the moonlight, and all around him very still and quiet. The noble hound watched his master as he passed to and fro, and now and then stood up and glanced around him, as if to help in finding a foe.

Suddenly the knight heard a squeaking voice calling his name. The sound came from the dark side of the mount, where nobody could be seen. Roswal barked furiously, and rushed forward; but his master held him back, and shouted to the person in the dark to come into

the moonlight and show himself. Footsteps were heard, and in a few minutes a horribly ugly dwarf appeared, and walked up to Sir Kenneth. He had a large frightful face, a short body, thick crooked legs, and looked more like a deformed monkey than a man. The knight—who could hardly help laughing at the hideous little creature—quieted Roswal's growling, and asked the dwarf what he wanted. The creature said his name was Nectabanus, and that he had been sent by a noble lady to tell the knight she wished to speak to him directly. Sir Kenneth angrily told the ugly dwarf to go away, for no lady, however great, could wish him to leave the mount and the banner he had promised to guard; and even if the lady had such a wish, it would not be attended to.

Nectabanus assured him the message was a true one, and had been sent by the Lady Edith Plantagenet, cousin to King Richard, and friend of the Queen Berengaria. Now Sir Kenneth knew the Lady Edith, and loved her much, but could not believe that she, of all ladies in the world, would try to tempt him from his post; so again he told the dwarf to begone, and threatened to set the hound at him if he stayed

there any longer. Then Nectabanus, to show the message was true, held up a ruby ring, which the knight knew well, having often seen it on the Lady Edith's white hand. The dwarf declared this ring had been sent by her, to prove she really wished to see him. The knight was sorely puzzled. The ring convinced him of the truth of the dwarf's tale, and he could not bear to miss the chance of seeing the Lady Edith. Again he spoke to the dwarf—"Doth my lady *really* summon me? may it not be put off for even the few hours till daybreak?"

"She requires thy presence instantly," squeaked Nectabanus impatiently. "Return the ring, or come at once with me."

Sir Kenneth thought for a few minutes, and then made up his mind. He determined to go. He knew quite well that the punishment for leaving his post was—death. He knew he had promised to watch the banner throughout the night. He knew the dwarf's tale might, after all, be a false one; but to see the Lady Edith, and hear her voice, was too strong a temptation. Calling his hound, he ordered him to lie down close to the flag, and keep guard. The noble dog looked up in his master's face, and seemed to say, with his bright clever eyes, he would keep good watch

till the knight came back. Then Sir Kenneth told the dwarf to lead the way, and they went on together till they came to the Queen's tent, where she and her ladies lived together.

Queen Berengaria, wife of Richard the First, was a very young and beautiful lady. She was also kind and amiable, but fond of mischief, and *very* fond of teasing her attendants, and playing all kinds of jokes upon them, without caring much for the consequences. It was she who had sent the dwarf on his pretended message to Sir Kenneth, and had borrowed Edith's ring to deceive him—the Queen being curious to see whether the knight would remain true to his charge, or leave it for the sake of Edith Plantagenet.

The Lady Edith, who was wise and good, was shocked and grieved when she heard of the folly of the Queen. It was a dreadful thought for her that a noble knight should have been deceived in her name, and brought away from his post at the risk of his life. Going into the outer tent, where Sir Kenneth waited, she told him, in deep grief, the wicked and foolish trick that had been played, and entreated him to hurry back to the mount without a moment's delay. The knight, as unhappy as herself, knelt at his lady's feet, bade her farewell, and

hurried away. The night was darker now, for heavy clouds had risen and hid the moon, and the knight made his way slowly, with many a stumble, over the rough ground, back to St. George's Mount.

Suddenly a loud savage bark sounded through the air, and then a miserable howl, as of a dog in violent pain. It was Roswal's voice, and Kenneth flew forward in the darkness, guessing too well what had happened. In a few minutes he was on St. George's Mount ; but oh ! sad to tell, no banner waved in the moonlight now—it had utterly vanished ; and Roswal, the hound, lay there horribly wounded, and bleeding as if he would bleed to death.

Sir Kenneth rushed forward in an agony of terror and sorrow. He stooped to raise poor Roswal's head ; and the faithful dog licked his master's hand, but moaned with pain, as the knight tried to draw from the wound a piece of a spear, which had been broken off and left in the dog's shoulder.

The knight knelt in despair beside his wounded favourite. He had lost his honour—broken his promise—had let the banner be carried off without striking a blow in its defence ; nothing but disgrace and death was in store for

him, and his only friend, his faithful hound, lay dying in agony beside him !

Brave men do not often weep, but this was too much for his noble heart. Great tears came into the valiant soldier's eyes, and rolled down his cheeks, and at last he flung himself on the ground, and groaned and wept aloud.

He was roused by the sound of a clear and solemn voice close beside him, and looking up saw the dark face of the Saracen physician. Sir Kenneth, ashamed of being discovered in tears, hastily sat up, and without speaking bent over poor Roswal, again trying to draw the iron from the wound. The kind doctor approached the dog, and skilfully managed to pull out the broken spear-head, and bound up the shoulder. When all this was done, he spoke kindly to the unfortunate knight, and tried to comfort him. But this was quite in vain. Sir Kenneth refused all comfort. He had broken his word, he had left his charge, and he deserved to die. He pointed to the morning light, now beginning to break over the eastern hills, and rising from the ground bade a sorrowful farewell to his kind friend, telling him that if he cured Roswal—the noble dog who had so well done *his* duty—he might keep the hound for his own.

Then the Knight of the Leopard, with a heavy heart, and slow, melancholy steps, took his way to the tent of King Richard.

The King was awake, but had not risen, when the knight came into his presence. He welcomed Sir Kenneth with a gracious smile.

"Speak, Sir Scot," he said. "Thou comest to tell me of a vigilant, safe, and honourable watch, dost thou not?"

"My watch has been neither vigilant, safe, nor honourable," was the unhappy knight's reply. "The banner of England has been carried off."

"And thou alive to tell it!" said Richard, starting in fury from his couch. He seized his mighty battle-axe, and standing at his full height, held it above the head of the Scottish Knight, as if to dash him to pieces on the spot.

Pale, but firm as a rock, Sir Kenneth stood and waited for the blow. But it did not come. King Richard dropped his axe, for he *could* not slay a man who stood before him so calm and still. But he told the knight, in a furious voice, to begone from his sight as a traitor and a liar; and gave orders to Sir Thomas de Vaux for the strict imprisonment of Sir Kenneth

until his execution, which was to take place in a few hours.

When the news spread through the camp that the brave Knight of the Leopard was to lose his life, great was the sorrow and lamentation ; and greater still was the surprise of all, that so noble and honourable a man should have deserted his post.

All was grief, horror, and confusion in the Queen's tent. Calista, one of the ladies, brought the frightful news, and weeping, implored her Majesty to go at once to King Richard and beg the life of the unfortunate knight.

"I will go—I will go instantly," said the Queen, trembling excessively ; "but if Richard be in his mood, I dare not speak to him ; he will kill me."

The Lady Edith now came forward. She neither wept nor trembled, but her beautiful face was pale with grief and anxiety. She knew well it was for her sake Sir Kenneth had left his trust, and she resolved to save him, were such a thing possible. She almost *commanded* the Queen to do as Calista had entreated. With her own hands she arranged Berengaria's dress, and then the two hurried off together towards the royal tent.

But at the entrance they were stopped by the guards. "No one," they said, "was permitted at that moment to enter the King's presence—his Majesty was busied on matters of life and death."

"We also seek to speak to the King on matters of life and death," calmly answered Edith; and drawing with her the trembling Queen, she put her hand on the outside curtain of the tent, and pushed it aside. The guards, astonished at her boldness, and not daring further to stop the Queen of England, shrank back, and the next moment the ladies were in the presence of the King.

Richard was lying on his couch, and cast a look of surprise and anger at the entrance of his wife. He was not alone. A terrifying object stood beside the King—a man whose cruel hideous face was half hidden by his long shaggy red hair and beard. He was dressed in coarse red cloth, and leant on a huge heavy sword, as he stood to receive his master's orders. He was the Executioner. The King had just commanded him to go straight to the tent where the Knight of the Leopard was prisoner, and strike off the "traitor's" head without delay.

These dreadful words were partly heard by

the ladies. Berengaria shuddered as she rushed past the executioner, and flinging herself on her knees before her husband, she clung to his arm, and hiding her face on his shoulder, burst into tears and sobs.

Richard, who loved his beautiful wife dearly, drew her close to him—stroked her long golden hair—tried to hush her sobs, and asked what he could do to please “the fairest dame in Christendom.”

“One poor life,” murmured the weeping Queen, “only one — this unhappy Scottish Knight.”——

Richard’s face grew dark, and his voice stern “Speak not of him—he dies—his doom is fixed. Go, madam, and know your place and time. At present we have duties in which thou canst not be our partner.”

The unhappy Queen’s tears broke forth afresh at these harsh words. “Thou hearest him,” she whispered to Edith ; “we shall but incense him ;” and she would have left the tent without another word.

But Edith Plantagenet was a braver woman. She stood calmly before Cœur de Lion, and explained how it was that, by her name being deceitfully used, the knight had been persuaded

to leave his guard ; and boldly told the King he would be committing a cruel and unjust act in putting the unhappy man to death. But she spoke in vain. King Richard vowed the "traitor" should die, and threatened Edith with punishment herself if she meddled further in the matter.

The Queen went back to her tent sobbing, and bitterly repenting her fault : and Edith, though she shed no tears, was even more miserable ; for she loved Sir Kenneth, and thought him the best and bravest in all the crusading army.

More than one person came that day to beg the life of the Scottish Knight. Theodorick of Engaddi, who happened to be in the camp, told the King he had heard a secret from Sir Kenneth, which (could the King hear it) would make him spare the knight's life at once. Richard refused to listen to the Hermit unless the secret were told. Theodorick could not tell, having promised to keep the secret ; so his request to the King was of no use. This secret you shall hear at the end of the story.

At last the Saracen physician entered the royal tent, and asked for the pardon of the knight.

The King was half beside himself with pas-

sion at all these people interfering. Grinding his teeth with rage, he vowed, with flashing eyes, he would kill the doctor on the spot, if he dared to say another word about Sir Kenneth. The physician, however, instead of being alarmed, stood looking at the furious King, with a quiet smile, as if Richard were some curious kind of madman; and when his Majesty's temper had a *little* abated, the Saracen again firmly and respectfully requested him to spare the life of the knight.

He reminded the King that but for his skill, Richard of England might have died; and said that the only payment he would take for the cure of the King was the pardon of the Knight of the Leopard. The doctor said, besides, that if his request were refused he would tell every one how ungratefully all his care and skill had been repaid. After many words between doctor and King, Richard gave up, for he could not bear to be called cruel and ungrateful by the man who had saved his life. He therefore wrote an order for the release of Sir Kenneth, but with the command that he should never again show himself in the Christian camp, but remain the slave of the Saracen.

The kind physician hastened to Sir Kenneth, and bidding him make ready for a journey, took him to his own tent, and giving him a beautiful Arab horse, the two rode away together, over the desert, for miles and miles, seeing nothing but sand, sand, sand ; till, leaving the white tents of the Crusaders far behind, they arrived at the Saracen camp. When, after a long day's ride, they dismounted, the physician astonished the knight very much by taking off his high cap and long false beard, and showing the face of Sheerkohf, the soldier who had met him by the Diamond of the Desert, and supped with him in the Hermit's cave. They became greater friends after this ; and before very long Kenneth found that the kind and clever Saracen had thought of a plan by which the Scottish Knight might be helped out of his great trouble, and perhaps—(but only *perhaps*)—be restored to the favour of King Richard. We must leave Sir Kenneth now amongst the Turkish tents, and see what had been happening in the Crusaders' camp.

The King of England, feeling sure that the Duke of Austria had come by night and stolen the banner, sent a stern message to command him to carry it back himself, and re-plant it on

St. George's Mount. Leopold, in answer, declared, upon his honour as a prince, he knew nothing whatever of the fate of the stolen flag. Richard, though believing in his heart that the Duke *did* know all about it, was obliged to take his word ; and sent about the camp in every direction, trying to find out the truth. Every one was asking, "Who stole the banner?" and nobody could guess the secret. Roswal, the hound, knew the thief, but *he* could not tell ; and besides that, he had been carried off by the Saracen doctor, to be cured.

The loss of his flag, and the impossibility of finding out the thief, did not improve the temper of the King of England, who, after worrying himself and everybody else, was obliged to give the matter up, and was more savage than ever in consequence.

Now Sheerkohf's plan was this :—He thought if he could get Sir Kenneth and his hound back to the Christian camp without any one knowing, Roswal's cleverness would discover the person who had wounded him ; for noble dogs have a wonderful memory, and *never* forget those who have ill-treated them. The knight was only too glad to do anything that might excuse his great fault to the King. He had never told of

the cruel manner in which he had been deceived, and persuaded to leave the mount on that unhappy night ; for he knew he was to blame, and his honest heart was content to bear disgrace and punishment, rather than let a word be said that might bring trouble on the Queen and her ladies ; but, oh ! how he hoped the Saracen's plan might succeed, and he gain once more the forgiveness and favour of his King.

Well, the Saracen first covered the knight's skin with some black stuff, which made him look like a negro. He was dressed in a sort of white shirt, under which came a doublet of leopard skin reaching his knees. A white turban was placed on his head, a silver collar round his neck, and silver bracelets round his black legs and arms, which were left quite bare. He was to pretend to be dumb. When all was done, no one—not his oldest friend—would have guessed that black man to be Kenneth, the Christian Knight ; and both smiled as the kind Saracen sent his friend away, leading Roswal, who was painted, and altered, and disfigured, as much as his master.

The King of England was sitting at the door of his tent one hot afternoon, reading letters from England, when he saw a tall black figure

coming towards him, leading a large dog. The black man, when nearly close to the king, knelt down humbly on the sand and held out a letter. Richard opened it, and read that Saladin the Sultan had sent a present to the great and mighty King of England, of a dumb Nubian slave, who could clean armour, and be very active and useful.

The king accepted the present, and commanded the slave to take the large shield that stood at the back of the tent, and polish it. The Nubian, with a low bow, began to rub and clean the armour busily, his hound lying close beside him.

The King went on reading his letters, and, after a while, some barons and nobles came in, talking to his Majesty of England, and, of course, taking no notice of the poor slave who stood cleaning armour at the back of the tent. They began, as usual, to speak of the lost Banner, and to wonder, for the hundredth time, who the thief could be. The King, in joke, called out to his new slave, and asked him if he could tell them who stole the flag of England.

To the King's immense surprise the Nubian nodded his head and smiled ; he even seemed

to try to speak, but no sound came from his lips. He then made signs for writing tools. These King Richard ordered to be brought, and, while the nobles gathered round him in astonishment, the slave, taking a pen in his black fingers, wrote that if, on a certain day, the King of England would take his place on St. George's Mount, and let the whole Christian army pass in array before him, he, the slave, would certainly pick out from amongst them the man who had stolen the flag of England.

King Richard, after reading this, looked very hard at his "Nubian slave," and began to suspect who he was, but said nothing ; and the Nubian, having finished his writing, went back to his armour.

The English nobles thought the slave rather out of his mind, and tried to persuade the King to pay no attention to his request ; but Richard, eager for the slightest chance of finding out the secret, gave orders that the trial should be made.

So, on an appointed day, the King of England mounted his horse, and rode to the top of St. George's Mount, followed by a large train of attendants, and surrounded by the principal English nobles of the Crusade. A

new banner waved above the King's head, and he was splendidly dressed in blue velvet, covered with plate-armour of shining silver. By his side stood the Nubian slave, holding the hound in a leash.

Then all the princes of the Crusade and their followers began to march past and salute the King of England. First came Philip of France, on a splendid war-horse, followed by his best and bravest soldiers, their armour flashing in the glaring sun. Next came the Grand Master of the Templars, and his knights. Then advanced Leopold, Duke of Austria, and his German nobles. When he appeared, the King cast a glance at the hound, expecting to see him rush forward and fly at the Duke, but the good dog lay perfectly still, not even pulling at the cord by which he was held. Richard, who, in his own mind, had always fixed upon the Duke as the thief, said some scornful words about the dog's stupidity in a low tone to the Nubian. The slave bowed in answer, and seemed content to wait.

Presently the troops of the Marquis of Montserrat began to pass in order before the King of England, and soon Conrade himself appeared, so magnificently arrayed, he seemed to blaze

with gold and silver. The milk-white plume, fastened to his cap by a clasp of diamonds, seemed tall enough to sweep the clouds, and all admired the grace with which he reined-in his prancing war-horse, which reared and foamed at the bit as his master made him advance slowly towards the Mount.

King Richard courteously came down a few steps to meet and salute the Marquis, and Conrade, with his usual deceitful smile, was beginning some polite speech, when, in a moment, Roswal, the noble hound, uttering a furious and savage yell, sprang forward. The Nubian slipped the leash, and the hound, rushing on, leapt on Conrade's noble horse, and, seizing the Marquis by the throat, pulled him down from the saddle. The plumed rider lay rolling on the sand, and the frightened horse galloped off, tearing wildly through the camp, leaving his master helpless on the ground, pinned there by Roswal, who held fast, and would have strangled him, had not the Nubian, by the King's command, pulled the dog off, and again fastened him in the leash. Roswal struggled hard to get free, growling fiercely, and showing his terrible teeth, eager to spring again on his enemy, and tear him to pieces. But the

brave dog knew his master's hand and voice, and at last lay down obediently as before.

A crowd of nobles, soldiers, and attendants, now gathered round the fallen Marquis, full of indignation and surprise at such treatment of a nobleman. "Cut the slave and his hound to pieces!" was the cry; but the voice of the King, loud and clear, made itself heard above all the noise.

"He dies who injures the hound—he hath but done his duty! Stand forward for a false traitor, thou Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, and answer for thy treason!"

Conrade by this time had risen to his feet, and stood up—his gay dress all smeared with sand and dirt, his head bare, and his face red with rage, vexation, and shame. "What means this?" said he, his voice choked with passion. "Why this usage?—with what am I charged?"

Said the Grand Master of the Templars sternly, "Are the princes of the Crusade turned hares or deers in the eyes of King Richard, that he should slip hounds on them?"

"It were well," said another noble, "to hang the dog and put the slave to torture."

"Let no man lay hand on them," said the King. "Stand forth, Conrade, and deny, if

thou darest, the guilt of which this dumb animal hath now accused thee."

"I never touched the banner," was Conrade's reply ; and he would have said more, had not Philip of France ridden up at that moment, and entreated both King and Marquis to be silent, at least for the present, and come away from the crowd of soldiers, who would assuredly begin fighting amongst themselves if they heard their leaders quarrelling so furiously. "Let us draw off," said the wise King of France, "and meet an hour hence in the Pavilion of Council, and there inquire further into this unhappy matter."

This advice was taken, and the different bodies of troops led in good order off the Mount. The council was held at the appointed hour, and was attended by all the leaders of the Crusade.

The Marquis of Montserrat, in answer to Richard's repeated charge of having stolen the Banner of England, declared his innocence, and said he was ready to fight any man in the camp who dared say he was guilty.

The fiery King of England was anxious himself to accept the challenge of the Marquis, and would have done so, had not Philip of France again interfered, and said that the life of the chief of the crusading army must not be risked

in such a quarrel. Richard, therefore, undertook to find a champion who upon some appointed day would meet the Marquis of Montserrat, and fight to prove his guilt. In those days it was believed that truth could be found out in this manner, and that the victory in such a fight was sure to be gained by the right side.

As this fight could not possibly be allowed in the Crusaders' camp, the King of England sent a message to Saladin, begging him to allow them some space in the Desert, where the two champions could fight in the presence of the Christian army and of as many Saracens as chose to come. A gracious answer was returned by the Soldan, who appointed the meeting to take place near the Diamond of the Desert, and said that he would himself be present.

King Richard sent for the Nubian slave, and asked him, with a smile, if he knew of any knight who would be willing to meet Conrade of Montserrat, and fight for the honour of England. Still, without speaking, the pretended slave knelt, and clasped his hands with a look of joy and gratitude, for now he knew his King had forgiven him. He left the royal tent, and hastened back to the Saracen camp. There he quickly washed the black from his skin, threw

away his turban and bracelets, and in his own dress of a Red-cross Knight waited impatiently for the day when he might ride forth once more in full armour, and do battle with his enemy of Montserrat.

The day came. His Majesty of England rode out towards the Diamond of the Desert, attended by his principal nobles, the Baron de Vaux riding close beside him. A splendid train of soldiers followed, and after these came the Queen Berengaria and all the ladies of the Court. Edith Plantagenet was there ; and the noble lady was anxious and fearful. She had seen the pretended Nubian more than once, and knew him for her own true knight. She knew, too, his valiant hound, and since that terrible night on St. George's Mount many bitter tears for the fate of Kenneth and Roswal had been shed by the Lady Edith, who, though without blame herself, felt that through her a good and true man had been doomed to die. Even now Edith's heart was sad and full of fear. Conrade of Montserrat was one of the bravest and most skilful warriors of the Crusade, and who could tell whether the victory might not be his, and the Scottish knight be slain before the eyes of the lady who loved him so well ?

As the English party approached the Diamond, Saladin appeared in the distance, surrounded by a crowd of mounted Turkish soldiers. Five hundred chosen men, arrayed in shining steel, with crimson sashes and jewelled turbans, attended their sovereign, who rode in the midst mounted on a milk-white charger. The Soldan was more plainly dressed than his attendants ; but in his white turban shone a single precious stone of priceless worth ; and a deep blue sapphire gleamed on the handle of his dagger, worth more than all the gems together of the English crown.

The two Monarchs advanced ; both dismounted and courteously saluted each other. The King of England was led to a splendid tent, furnished with every comfort, and Saladin accompanied him for the purpose of showing him a surprise. Taking off his turban, the Soldan put on a high cap and a long dark false beard, and looked at the King with a quiet smile.

"A miracle !" exclaimed Richard ; "my learned physician,—that I should find him again in my royal brother, Saladin. And it was through thy intercession that yonder Knight of the Leopard was saved from death ?"

"Even so," answered the Soldan ; "I

think nobly of him. He is full in preparation, and high in hope, and will do battle well to-morrow."

The good Knight of the Leopard was indeed high in hope. He knew now that Sheerkohf of the Desert, who had sung songs at the cave of Engaddi—the doctor who had tenderly cured his sick servant, and had not scorned to dress the wound of a faithful dog—the friend who had begged and gained his life from King Richard—was Saladin, Sovereign of the East; and the good Knight's only wish now was to come victorious from his fight with Conrade, and once more claim forgiveness and friendship from his own King.

On the following morning early the trumpets sounded for all to take their places. The lists were prepared close to the Diamond of the Desert; and amid the silence of the large assembly, Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, rode forth in armour, and, taking his appointed place, waited for his foe. Then came the Knight of the Leopard. On his shield was noticed a broken collar and chain, besides the usual leopard. This was to show he had lately been in captivity and was now free.

For about three minutes the champions were

still. Then, at a signal from Saladin, a hundred trumpets blew their deafening note, and the warriors rushed at each other with straight lances. The Marquis struck the shield of Sir Kenneth with such force, that the Scot's horse staggered backwards and nearly fell; but the Knight of the Leopard sent a blow at his enemy's shield that pierced it through and through, and inflicted a deep and dangerous wound in his side. The Marquis fell from his horse, rolling in agony on the sand. His helmet was hastily taken off, and gazing wildly about, the unhappy man exclaimed, "I am guilty! I am guilty!"

His attendants immediately carried him to his tent, and Saladin, at the request of the King of England, would have tried to save his life by the famous Talisman. But that was not to be.

The Grand Master of the Templars gave orders that no one but himself should approach the wounded man. He *said* that Saracen medicines, being unknown to Christian doctors, might do harm instead of good, and he therefore declined to allow his "friend" to be cured in any such manner. His real feeling, however, was, that Conrade, thinking himself dying, might confess all the wickedness planned between them at different times. Rather than suffer this the

fierce and cruel Templar resolved that his companion in guilt should never leave his bed alive.

The wound of the Marquis having been carefully dressed, the pain was less violent, and after a time he fell asleep on his couch. His tent was left empty and quiet, the attendants keeping guard outside. About an hour afterwards the Grand Master came, and made his way to the bedside of Conrade. His footstep aroused the sleeper, who wearily raised his head, and asked why he was thus disturbed. The Templar bent over the unhappy man, and, raising a dagger, stabbed him to the heart. Then he softly left the tent, glorying in his own safety—feeling sure no one had seen his crime—and, above all, rejoicing that Conrade of Montserrat was dead.

But the murderer was mistaken. He had been watched from first to last, and his punishment came upon him before that day was ended, as you will hear.

After the fight, the victorious Knight of the Leopard advanced to King Richard, who, with words of welcome and friendship, conducted him to the tent of Queen Berengaria. The Queen received him very kindly, and Edith, though she did not speak, showed, by the

sparkle of her bright eyes, and the flush on her cheek, how she delighted in the victory and deliverance of her valiant Knight, who had passed through so many disguises and dangers.

But there was yet a secret to be told—the secret spoken of by Theodorick of Engaddi, when entreating the King in vain to spare Sir Kenneth's life. Richard knew the secret now, and told it with great glee to Queen Berengaria, and all present. Kenneth of the Leopard was no simple knight; he was David, Prince Royal of Scotland, and heir to the Scottish throne. He had joined the Crusade in disguise, hoping to win renown by his valiant deeds before declaring himself a Prince; and the Hermit of Engaddi was right indeed in saying the King of England would repent if that sentence of death were fulfilled.

The Prince of Scotland now approached the Lady Edith, and in the presence of the King and Queen of England, asked her to become his wife. The King, with a smile, took Edith's white hand, and placed it in that of the Prince, with a promise that the wedding should be celebrated as soon as possible.

A message was now brought from the Soldan requesting the honour of the King's company

at a banquet now ready. Such an invitation was of course at once accepted, and King Richard and his party soon found themselves in Saladin's tent sitting on magnificent cushions, with a splendid feast spread before them. The Duke of Austria was there, and many other nobles of the Crusade. Amongst them was seen the tall figure of the Grand Master of the Templars, Sir Giles Amaury, who, arrayed in a long snow-white cloak, on which a large crimson cross was marked, looked as solemn and dignified as if he felt himself an example of goodness to all present.

Saladin bade his guests welcome, and commanded his slaves to bring some sherbet, a delicious Turkish drink, cooled with snow. A bowl of sherbet was accordingly handed round, each guest taking a draught and passing the goblet to the next. Leopold of Austria took a deep draught, and handed the jewelled cup to the Grand Master. Amaury bent his head to taste, but his lips never touched that goblet's rim. The sabre of Saladin flashed from its sheath. It was waved in the air, and the head of the Grand Master rolled on the ground to the very entrance of the tent!

The King, the Duke, the Baron de Vaux,

all started from their seats with a cry of horror. For a moment they thought they were betrayed by the Saracens, and half drew their swords. But the strong yet gentle voice of Saladin calmed the warriors of the Crusade. "Fear nothing," he said, "noble Austria, nor you, royal England, be wroth at what you have seen. Scarce half-an-hour ere he came into our presence he stabbed his comrade and friend, Conrad of Montserrat, lest he should confess the plots in which they have both been engaged."

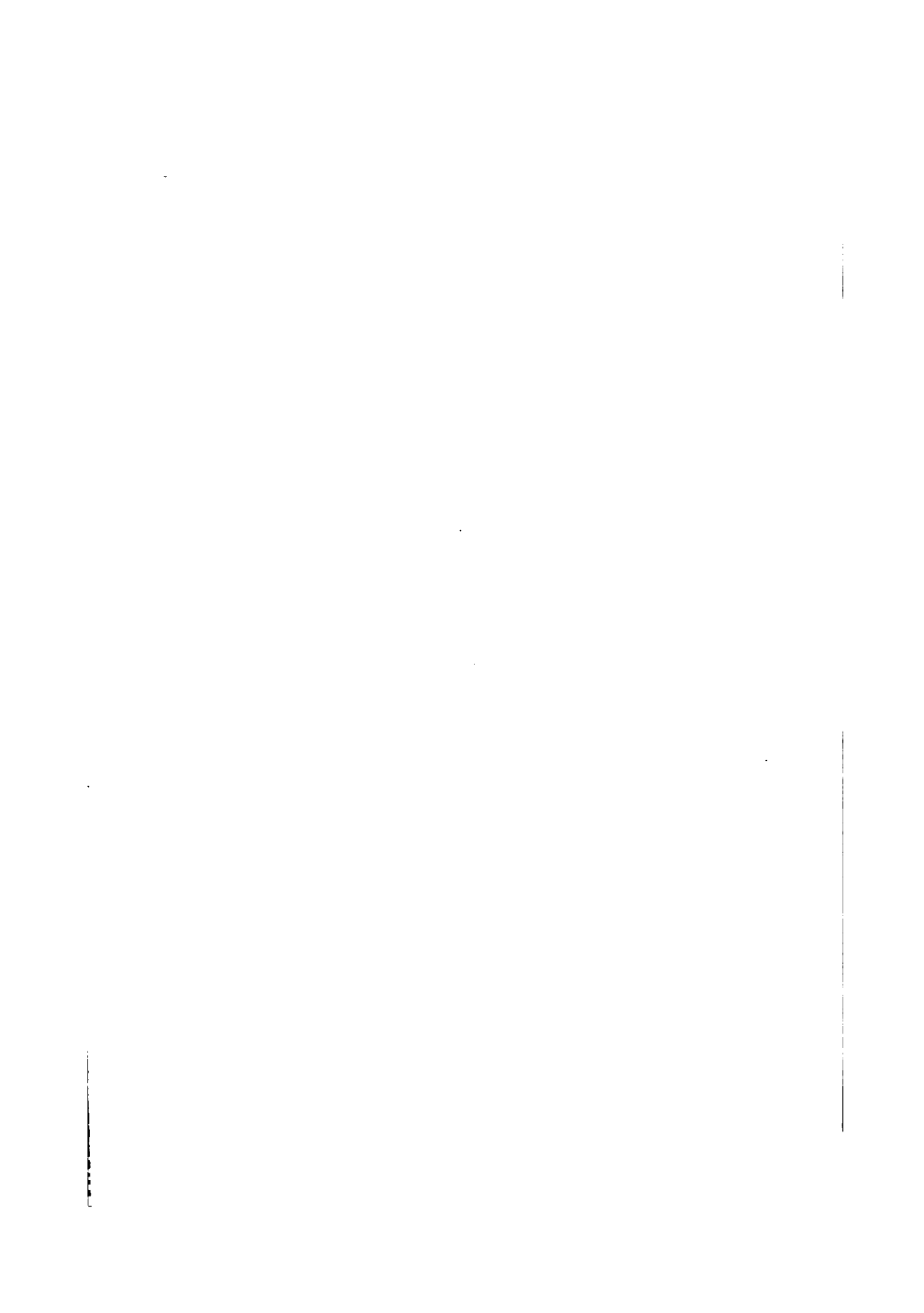
"How! Conrad murdered?—And by the Grand Master, his most intimate friend!" exclaimed Richard. "Noble Soldan, I would not doubt thee, but"——

The Soldan pointed to a figure in the corner of the tent, and commanded it to advance and speak. It was Nectabanus the dwarf. The creature explained how he had hidden himself in the curtains of the tent of the Marquis of Montserrat, and had remained there when the attendants left their unfortunate master asleep. He had watched the entrance of the Grand Master, and had seen him commit the frightful murder. Waiting quietly till the Templar was quite gone, the dwarf had rushed to the tent of Saladin and told him all he had seen.

The King and the assembled Crusaders listened with grief to this terrible tale, and acknowledged that the punishment of the murderer was just. The headless body, wrapped in its cloak, was carried away, and Saladin courteously pressed his guests to commence their feast. But no feast took place that day. After so dreadful an interruption the Crusaders begged permission to retire to their own tents, and each prince and noble advanced in turn to bid farewell to Saladin, with thanks for his hospitality and kindness.

The next day Richard returned to his camp, and before long the wedding of the Prince of Scotland was celebrated with great splendour.

The Saracen monarch rejoiced as much as the Crusaders themselves at the pleasant ending of all the dangerous adventures of the "Knight of the Leopard," for Saladin knew the worth of a brave man, even when found in the ranks of an enemy. When the marriage took place, the gift to Edith Plantagenet from the Soldan was the silver cup and the silken bag containing the wonderful Talisman.



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